

The Tatler



Xmas No 1930

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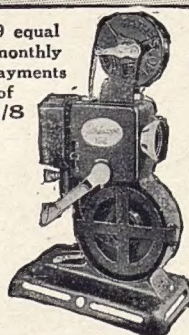


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"All right, old girl! But I guess you won't feel the cold. You get so excited when you see that chap harpooning his first whale, that anyone would think you were there joining in with them."
"Yes, that's just how I do feel; and ooh, can we have that one with the sheiks in it—and the one with the acrobatic airman—and the one . . ."
"Here, steady on, old girl—what time's bedtime?"
"Well, Mummie said I could have four to-night . . ."
"Oh, Dad, you are good—did it cost an awful lot of money?"
"Oh, that's all right, old thing, it only cost fifty-five shillings."

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The XMAS Tatler



JEWEL OF THE NIGHT

By Norman Keene



CHRISTMAS EVE

By Chas. Pears

Hark, the Christmas bells are ringing
Through the vale and o'er the hill,
And the sweet old message bringing
Earthly peace, to men goodwill

Long ere they ring again, may He
Who knows our inmost hearts' desires,
Grant us His peace

—A. G. HAMILTON.

SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

By BEN TRAVERS

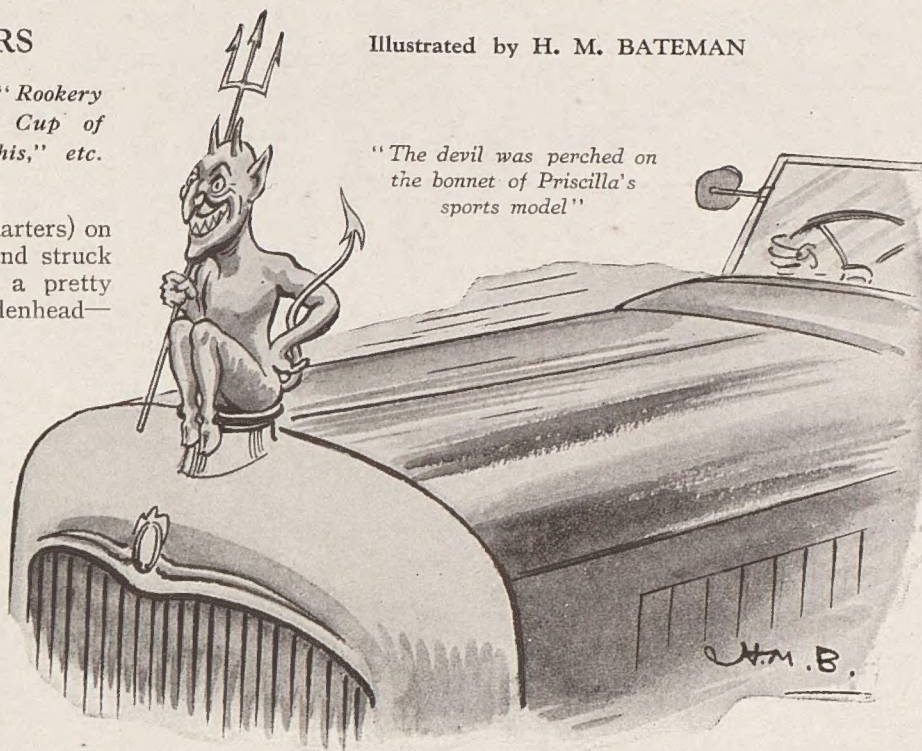
Author of "Cuckoo in the Nest," "Rookery Nook," "Thark," "Plunder," "A Cup of Kindness," and "A Night Like This," etc.

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

THE devil left London (his headquarters) on the morning of December 23 and struck westwards with resolve and at a pretty turn of speed. He sped through Maidenhead—not his season there. He likewise ignored Reading and Swindon. Bath he skirted with something like contempt.

The devil was perched on the bonnet of Priscilla's sports model. Some of us have the spiritual wisdom to affix a little image of St. Christopher to the radiators of our cars, claiming a sublime assurance against mishap—an inspired asset to speeding. Others of us, less wise (Priscilla was one) go to the other ribald extreme and carry as mascot the devil himself in his familiar guise of Old Horny squatting, rubicund and with a malicious grin, on our bonnets.

But if, as the more pious law-breakers contend, the patron saint of excursions duly responds to their observ-



ance, shall not the devil be expected to respond also? Subtly, of course; and not necessarily by wrecking the car, but rather by guiding its occupants, on some outing of his choice, into the toils of mischief? A promising thought.

But Priscilla possessed a disposition likely to prove a match for any demoniacal designs. She was twenty-two; very smart; not beautiful but pretty with an attractive sort of perkiness; as confident as all other girls of her age and more cheerful than most of them. The start of what might prove to be rather an exacting Christmas seemed propitious enough. The meteorological experts had predicted a weather forecast which sounded like one of the more radical Old Testament visitations on a refractory tribe. The morning therefore was crisp, sunny, and comparatively cloudless. Priscilla would probably be officially engaged by Boxing Day, for Alan Wincott seemed on the whole an eminently desirable boy. The only trouble was that he was dependent to the very braces on an aunt, one Mrs. King-Pope, a landed goddess of the west. Priscilla therefore had to face inspection, which promised to be slightly irksome, because it appeared that Mrs. King-Pope had her eye on some daughter of the peerage for Alan. Still Priscilla generally got what she wanted. So, confidently enough, she hit the long trail to Nether Burtlewater Court in Somerset. Beside her in the car dozed her uncle and guardian, Joseph Blundell Blew. Before her squatted Satan.

A long trail indeed. Darkness was falling as they swung off the main road and plunged into the recesses of pastoral Somerset. But Satan held his hand. Nothing untoward arose on the landscape of dim meadows bordered by willowy brooks. Occasionally they had to pull up for sedately meandering kine; occasionally for peering reference to a partially obliterated sign-post.

Ugly mists unwrapped them in the hollows. Uncle, with the stoical anxiety of the late forties, began a refrain of plaintive protest. "I say, do slow up a bit. . . . I say, won't you stop and ask the way?"

"Who from—a cow?" said Priscilla.

"Hold on. There are some cottages down that road, and a sort of bungalow place. I'll go in there and ask."



"Joseph Blundell Blew did not warm towards Bert Puddle as towards a friend in need"



"With his arm around her he persuaded her that it was simply fatal for a girl to go blindly into matrimony"

Priscilla halted at the corner. Her uncle, with all a stout man's good nature, made his way laboriously towards the bungalow. As he neared the gate a native, presumably an inhabitant of the cottages but appearing as mysteriously as one of the Harrods of the "Arabian Nights," held him in the roadway and inquired pleasantly enough where he was to.

Joseph Blundell Blew did not warm towards Bert Puddle as towards a friend in need. That he was connected with the maintenance of cattle was obvious to more senses than one. Nor was the lack of the ambrosial in Bert compensated by any marked display of intelligence. Where was Nether Burtlewater? This was she. This? A row of cottages? Oh, well—there were other dwellings in the parish besides—a church, a public hall, three public-houses.

"Where is Nether Burtlewater Court? That's what I want."

"Ah, the Court? Thur be a quick way across they fields to the Court."

"But I'm in a car, can't you see?"

Bert investigated the immediate surroundings of Mr. Blew with a puzzled interest.

"No, don't be silly. I'm not in it now. But I want to go in it to the Court. Is this the right road?"

"Ah, no. But it leads to the right road," said Bert.

"Oh—all right. But when I get to the right road, which way do I go then?"

"Why, along it, sur."

"Oh—well, never mind. Here's a bob. Go to the nearest pub."

"That's whur I just be from," said Bert.

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Blew, and turned to the bungalow.

The bungalow looked interesting. Warm lights showed through the crannies of the curtained windows. Even in the vague mists of the winter evening the place looked cosy and in good taste. The footfall heard inside in response to his knock was the whispering step of the fair sex. Weary as he was, the susceptible bachelor spent a few seconds of quite intriguing expectation.

She stood in the doorway with the light from within the little hall illuminating her. She was very pretty, with the contented prettiness of a woman of thirty who has had her fill of admiration. She wore a look of placid inquiry, but this quickly gave way to astonishment, warmed by a long, slow smile of pleasure, very enticing, and very becoming.

"Joe!"

Joe gasped. Goodness knows what happened to his features. He was in the darkness anyway.

"Camille!" He checked himself and glanced quickly over his shoulder. Priscilla was well out of sight of the doorway. Nevertheless he took a prudent step forward into the hall.

"What are you doing in this place?" he asked breathlessly.

"I'm in exile, Joe. Voluntary exile."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"Come in and I'll tell you. What are you doing here yourself?"

"I can't come in. I've a niece in a car outside. I only called to asked the way to Nether Burtlewater Court."

"Good heavens! Are you going there?"

"Yes. My niece is sort of hitched up with the nephew at the Court. Why 'Good heavens'?"

"Don't let on to the old woman at the Court that you know me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, she's found out all about me; trust a nosey old County cat like her.

Of course she absolutely rules this place. She's ruled me out. Hasn't let a soul come near me except the Vicar. And he tried to tell me about the primrose path and the better road to peace."

"What damn cheek," said Joe. "What did you do, anyhow?"

"Showed him my knees and told him to hop it."

"No, no; I mean what have you done to exile yourself and be ruled out, and all this?"

"Well—you knew I was the guilty party in the FitzDunn divorce affair."



"The waters of the brook were deepish, very cold, and almost incredibly insipid to the taste"

"Yes, but what's a little thing like that to you? Sorry, but you know what I mean. You've always been a bit of a —"

Camille sighed. "Yes, but not in public," she said. "I tell you, I hated being pointed at and talked about. I wanted to get right away from it for a bit, so I did. And this is where I got."

Joe sighed too, but in sentimental strain. He clasped her by the shoulders. "Well, listen, I'll come and see you. To-morrow evening. About this time. Is that a bet?"

She nodded quickly and bright-eyed. "Righto," he said in an enraptured whisper. He turned unwillingly to the doorway. "Oh, I forgot what I called for. Which is the way to this blinking Court?"

"You've been a very long time," remarked Priscilla as he regained the car.

"Yes. I had to put up with a lot of Einstein stuff from a yokel."

"Why didn't you try that bungalow?"

"I did. There was a woman there. Elderly sort of person. She took a long time to tell me, too. We go straight down here and turn to the left."

"I thought I heard a female voice," remarked Priscilla. "She didn't sound very elderly to me."

"Oh, shut up. Go on, kick the gas. I want to get to this place. I only hope Mrs. Blood-Royal, or whatever her name is, keeps some whisky."

The Court proved to be one of those large and remote country houses which the owners are generally finding beyond the pale of civilization, and which in consequence are being requisitioned as appropriate homes for the feeble-minded. Its severely pillared portico had a chaste, gloomy aspect. It was very silent; but not with the peacefully comfortable silence of a village churchyard, rather with the respectfully awful silence of a high-class mausoleum. Young Alan, who was awaiting them, seemed well under its influence. He appeared less eager to see Priscilla than anxious at the thought that she might be late for dinner. Indeed he displayed none of those terrier traits of welcome that one expects from a youthful lover. Priscilla noticed this. Rather a chilly start.

Joe, on the other hand, could scarcely dress for dinner for glee. What a bit of luck! There, just across the cow-fields, solitary in her exile, lovely as ever, saving grace of what might otherwise have proved a dry and dismal Christmas, was the heroine of one of his most delectable experiences—blast this collar. He had met her one night at a party—how long ago? two years?—had seen her home in a taxi, had clicked in what must have been pretty nearly record time for him, because the very next time they met—or was it the third time?—anyhow, it was that night when they dined together at Ciro's first, they had—

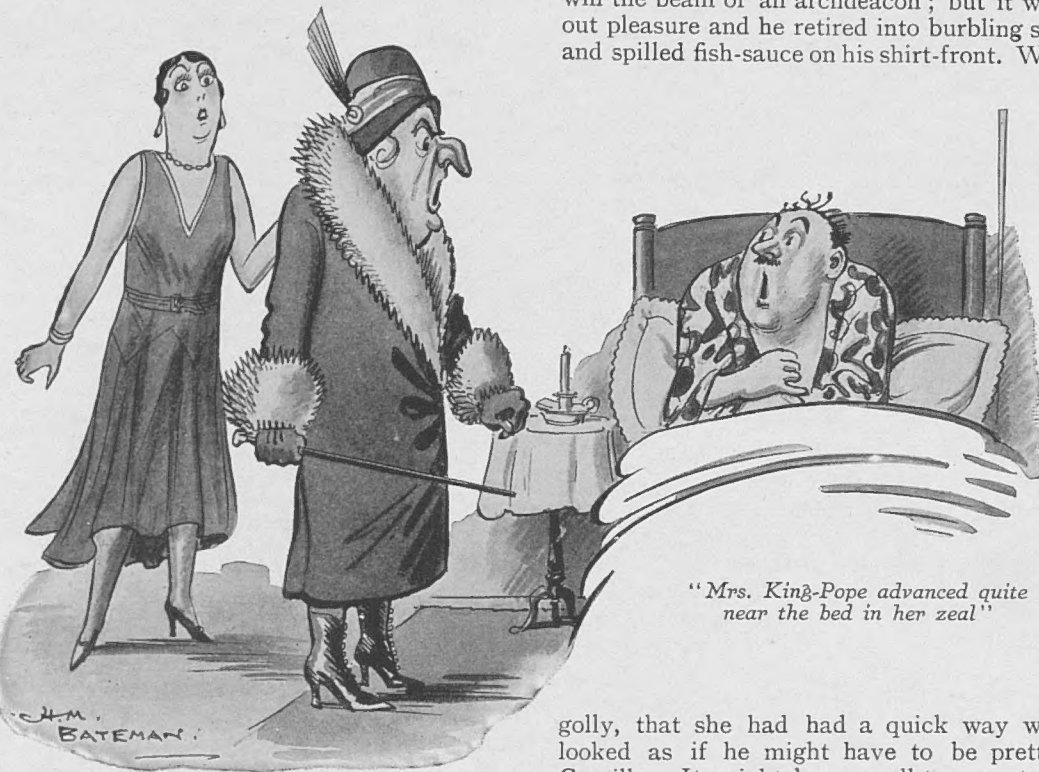
dash it, there was the gong. Never mind. To-morrow evening.

Mrs. King-Pope was a lady of sixty-eight rigorous winters. She existed in a purple aura of County. Not only in her features and complexion, but also in her frigid impassiveness of manner, she closely resembled an antagonistic Red Indian chief. She surveyed rather than received her guests, especially Joe, who descended two minutes late for dinner with his tie under one ear.

At the moment the party consisted only of this rather formally mixed foursome. But Mrs. King-Pope found an early opportunity of announcing that no less a person than Lord Buckhurst was expected next day. This, considering that Lord Buckhurst was the father of that honourable maiden whom Mrs. King-Pope had decreed for Alan, did not add to the confident festivity of the dinner-table.

Indeed the meal was sadly lacking in seasonable cheer. A pontifical butler served very white wine. Mrs. King-Pope engaged Priscilla with an insidious superiority. Alan was fidgety and monosyllabic. Joe opened with a rather obviously premeditated attempt at joviality by repeating the only story he knew which was calculated to win the beam of an archdeacon; but it was received without pleasure and he retired into burbling self-consciousness and spilled fish-sauce on his shirt-front. Which was noticed.

Joe became very irked. Even if Priscilla was fond of the boy and the boy had to keep his eye on the dough, why should he be asked to submit to the goading condescension of this self-appointed old empress of the cow-country? If she treated a girl like Priscilla with this high-nosed tyranny, no wonder, by



"Mrs. King-Pope advanced quite near the bed in her zeal"

golly, that she had had a quick way with Camille. It looked as if he might have to be pretty careful about Camille. It might be as well to ascertain what the old woman really had to say about her. After dinner, when Priscilla was permitted a limited and carefully staged tête-à-tête with Alan, Joe fortified himself with a glass of invalid port and followed Mrs. King-Pope into her spacious drawing-room.

He weighed in rather skilfully, he thought, with some general observations about the charming country atmosphere, so restful after the social round of London. Mrs. King-Pope rounded on him severely.

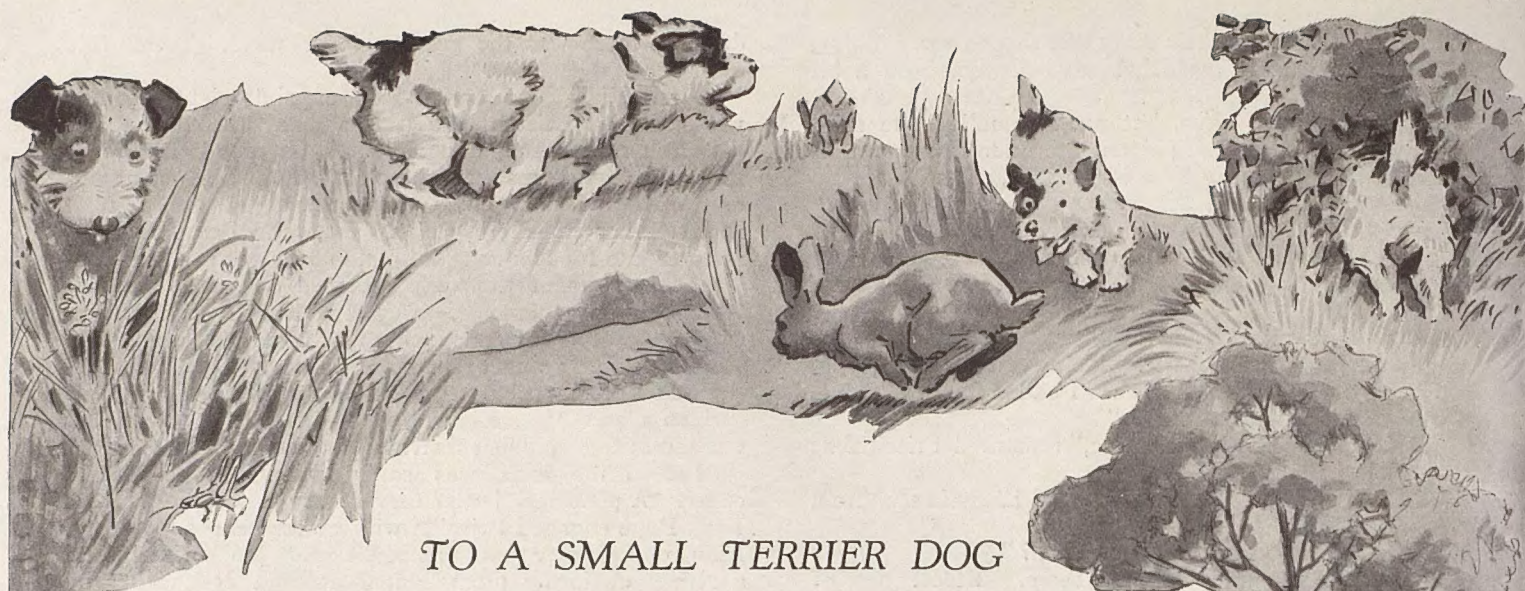
"How far your knowledge of Society extends I do not know. But I am acquainted with a large number of the real old aristocracy, and I can assure you that you will not find them at any of your night-club debaucheries, Mr. Blew."

"Of course if they live in a place like this, they're fairly safe from running up against much debauchery," said Joe. "All the same"—he leant forward confidentially and dropped his voice—"a friend of mine who knew I was coming here told me he knew a young woman living in a bungalow here who's been a bit of a—had a bit of a—made a bit of a name for herself in town."

Mrs. King-Pope made a noise like a corn-crake.

"So my nephew is trying to attach himself to a young woman whose uncle has friends who have friends of that

(Continued on p. 60)



TO A SMALL TERRIER DOG

By A. M. Harbord

Jimmy, my lad, your humble gaze
 Fixed on your master's face displays
 Th' amazing fact is really true
 That you think I know more than you!
 Do you remember, on our walk—
 (Don't wriggle, now, I want to talk,
 "Walk" didn't mean we're going out)—
 You, questing ceaseless round about,
 Bounced suddenly. I think you'd heard
 A chirrup like a croupy bird,
 An insect where the grass stems meet
 Making a fiddle of his feet:
 And, as your nose between your paws
 Worked down to grab him with your jaws,
 His cake was dough, at least all but,
 When suddenly a racing scut
 Showed where a rabbit crouched near by,
 Decided it was time to fly.
 At sight and scent of speedy fur
 What use had you for grasshopper?
 You chased the rabbit down the ride,
 A yell for every scuttling stride.
 Your heart is good, your lungs are sound,
 But short legs can't get over ground.
 (The rabbits you have brought to die
 Were only in their infancy.)
 Then, as you screamed your racing wrath
 A startled buck hare crossed your path
 And you pursued this nobler game,
 For rabbits, as one knows, are tame,
 And sweeter far than broth or bone
 A coursing meeting on your own.
 So while the spinney echoes rung
 To treble music of your tongue
 In blest contentment passed away
 The morning of a summer's day,
 At last you lost him; silence fell,
 Then distantly the clock's deep bell

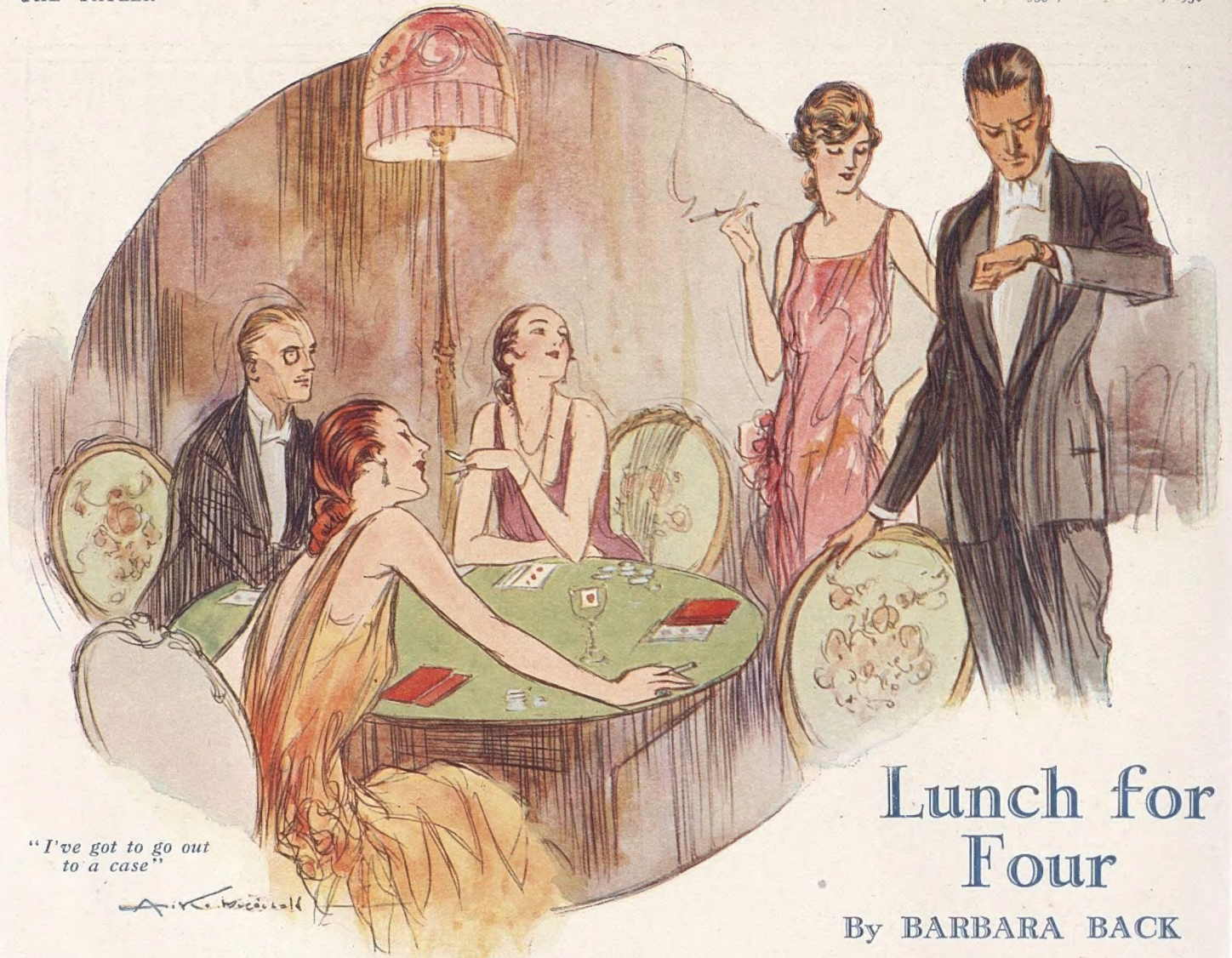
Chimed twelve. A frightened pigeon fled
 With hard wings clattered overhead.
 Then settled on me where I stood
 The friendly silence of the wood.
 You came back panting, flecked with burr,
 A travel-stained adventurer
 Of hidden thickets. Red and wet
 Your dangling tongue dripped down with
 sweat.
 You gulped your heavy breathing in
 But with a wide triumphant grin
 The message that you strove to give:
 "Not wealthy, boss, but don't we live!"
 Now, while I waited your return
 I found a new thing I could learn
 From one small piebald panting pup
 With jaws unblooded, quite knocked up.
 Jim, had a lion sprung to view,
 You would have chased the lion too,
 Assuaging your ambition's need
 With quarry of more size and speed.
 The pom, the pug, the Pekingese,
 And other dog-mistakes like these
 Would just have worked that tuft of
 grass
 And let the hare and rabbit pass
 Until the grasshopper was chewed;
 They'd let good game go unpursued,
 Intent a humble gain to make,
 Inglorious, "For their stomach's sake,"
 Then waddle to the house for lunch,
 Self-satisfied, as pleased as Punch
 (Just as our fat old codgers sing
 "I won by sticking to one thing"),
 While through the wood, bemired and hot,
 Hunger and weariness forgot,
 Your little heart would strain and swell
 To give that blanky lion hell.

G. L. S.
1930



THE GHOST STORY

By A. E. Bestall



"I've got to go out
to a case"

Lunch for Four

By BARBARA BACK



"Y dear," said Barbara, "he's so unfaithful to her that he hardly knows her by sight."

She was dining with the Edward Fields in Harley Street; and her fiancé, Gordon Bartley, and Delia Davis were there too. They were talking about marriage and the rather indifferent success their various friends had made of it.

"Look at the Browns," went on Barbara. "They are so damned polite to each other in public that I'm sure they

give each other hell when they are alone together."

"I'm with you there," said Delia. "You should see the way he looks at her when she trumps his ace at bridge."

"Well, damn it all, any man would be fed up with a woman who did that," broke in Gordon Bartley.

"Probably," said Barbara, "but the more I see of marriage, the more nervous I feel about taking you on, my sweet!"

She turned to Dr. Field and said, "The only successful married couple I know are you and Muriel."

Edward smiled at his wife and replied, "We get along all right, but Muriel is a very remarkable woman."

"I've often wondered why men ever stick to women," said Delia thoughtfully.

Everybody had some explanation to offer, physical attraction, ambitions in common, desire for children, and so on.

"Well, Edward," said Gordon, "you are one of the few who really know. Why do you stick to Muriel?"

"The reason is quite simple," he answered. "She makes me laugh."

"Well I'm safe then," said Barbara. "You think me frightfully funny, Gordon, don't you?"

"I think you're mad," he answered.

"Let's go upstairs and play bridge before you two burst into flames," suggested Muriel.

Dr. Field played two rubbers and then looked at his watch and said to his wife, "Take my place now, Muriel. I've got to go out to a case."

"Will you be late?" she asked.

"No, not very. Good-night everybody," he said, and hurried off.

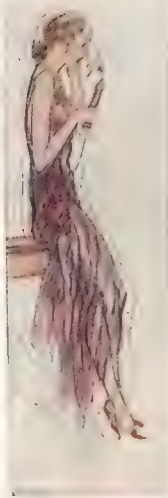
"Maddening to be married to a doctor," said Delia. "He's never there when you want him."

"You get used to it after a bit," Muriel said. "I never know where he is, and I've learnt not to expect him until I see him."

Dr. Field drove to an unpretentious block of flats near Sloane Street. He opened the main door with his own key and walked slowly upstairs to a flat at the top of the building. He had a key for that door too, and he let himself in quietly.

It was a small flat of the black wall-y and purple cushion-y order, full of flowers, and crowded with framed photographs in every available corner. He went through into a bedroom where a woman was lying in bed. She was the type that men keep





but do not marry—very pretty, very common, very stupid, and slightly dirty.

"Darling," she said, "I thought you were never coming."

He kissed her passionately. "I couldn't possibly get away sooner," he said. "We had a bridge party."

"I suppose she made you stay for it?"

Florrie Tulip (for that was the lady's name) liked to imagine that Edward's wife made his life hell for him, but could never get him to admit it. It was not his method to say he was misunderstood at home. He refused absolutely to discuss his wife with her, which annoyed her, because she liked to think of herself as his comforter as well as his mistress.

"Am I a maternity case to-night? And will you stay with me for hours?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I've no prospective babies on my books at the moment, so I can't stay very long."

He took her in his arms. "Darling, I love you so much that I want to spend whole days and nights with you, without always having to leave you."

"Well, we can really be together next week. I have fixed up the cottage near Arundel. I went down there to-day and I've taken it from Saturday."

"Splendid," he said. "I'll give you the money for the rent. What name did you take it in?"

"Mrs. Edward Field," she said. "It's a mile away from the village. I shall feel I really belong to you when I do the household shopping and tell the tradespeople to send the Sunday beef to 'Mrs. Edward Field.'"

He laughed. "How near is the golf links?"

"Two miles off. Will you want to play very often?"

"My dear," he said, "a man must have some exercise."

She sighed. "I shall hate to let you out of my sight for a second."

"You shall come and walk round with me."

Florrie made a face. She did not see herself tottering along over rough grass in her high-heeled shoes, even to be with Edward.

"Little hot-house flower," he said. "I'll only play when I feel that my liver is on the point of bursting."

She twisted herself in his arms and looked into his face.

"You will love me for ever, won't you?" she asked.

"For ever and ever," he promised her.

"And you won't ever leave me?"

"Silly darling, you know I won't; but I must go now, my rabbit, I've got an awful lot to do to-morrow and have to get up at the crack of dawn."

The next day Edward broke the news to Muriel that he thought of taking a holiday.

"Old Mitford wants me to go for a tour in Scotland and sample some golf courses. I'm a bit slack at the moment, so I think I'll go if you'll be all right."

Muriel laughed. "Do you remember once telling me in a burst of confidence that you married me for two reasons; one, because you hated dressing alone, and two, because I was capable of amusing myself? Of course I'll be all right. What day are you going?"

"I shall start on Saturday about lunch time," he answered.

"Then I will go to Aunt Ethel's," she said. "I haven't seen her for ages, and considering she's going to leave me all her money it's time I did something about her. I'll drive myself down in the car. You won't want it if you are going with Mr. Mitford."

She knew Mr. Mitford to be a very rich patient of Edward's who possessed several cars.

"Hell," thought Edward. "Why didn't I invent a better story? That means I must hire a car." But to her he said, "Take the car by all means, my dear."

As soon as he had left the house Muriel went to the telephone.

"Is that Mayfair 0059? Is that you Keith, my sweet? Are you alone? Can you talk? Yes? Well, listen. Next Saturday Edward's going for a motor tour in Scotland with a patient. I've got our car. What about going off to Cornwall in it? What? I've said I'm going to stay with my aunt. No, he'll never know. He's not interested in anyone except himself, bless him. I'll meet you at the lunch club at one. Good-bye, darling." Then softly, "You know I love you."

When Muriel married Edward she was very much in love with him, and would probably have remained so all her life if it hadn't been for Edward. But she soon discovered that, although he was extremely clever and excellent company, he was selfish to the nth degree, devoid of understanding, and incapable of affection. Her gradual realization of these qualities in him broke her heart; but

as she was young and naturally gay, she decided to give up having a heart, rearranged her outlook on life, and learned to laugh at everything in general and at herself in particular. When she spoke of her husband she always said, "Damn it, the man never bores me," and they really got on very well together.

Many men had tried to make love to her, but she remained aloof until she met Keith Wilson. His sleek black hair and elegant

(Continued on p. 74)



"The type that men keep but do not marry"



CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE AIRWAY

By Norman Keene

A JUDGE OF HORSES

BY
EDGAR WALLACE.

Illustrated by Chas. Grave



"That's an awkward-looking beast, Colonel," said Mr. Tookes

THERE was a young man whose name was Ferdinand Boyle Marsh who travelled on an American passport but had, he often stated, a European mind. There were quite a lot of people who did not believe he had any kind of mind. What he meant was that he drew his money from New York and his inspiration from Paris.

He was fond of horses, especially horses that won races when he had backed them, and he believed in art more or less for art's sake. That is to say, he painted pictures which nobody understood except the man who made the frame, and he knew that they were 24 in. by 36 in.

It was unfortunate for quite a number of people that he was in Melbourne when the Costyermore case was under discussion. He was a keen better, and he came on a grand tour with letters of introduction, amongst others, to the stewards of the Victoria Racing Club. What is more, he misguidedly backed Costyermore on the occasion when the owner and trainer had not backed him, and his virtuous indignation, loudly expressed to influential people, may have had something to do with the subsequent action of the racing authorities. It is pretty certain, however, that they were acting on their own initiative, for the stewards of the Victoria Racing Club were neither simple nor long-suffering.

They summoned Mr. Tookes to their presence and he came, round-eyed and innocent, to explain why Costyermore (by Tariff—Cornflake) had finished down the course at a certain meeting (starting at 20 to 1) and, a fortnight later, strolled home by three lengths, a white-hot favourite at 9 to 4.

Mr. Tookes was, he said, dumb-founded. His trainer, Mr. Augustus Bache, when called upon to express his own reactions, informed the stewards that they could have knocked him down with a feather when he saw Costyermore jump off in front and make all the running from gate to post.

"I have no intention of knocking you down with a feather," said the senior steward unpleasantly,

"though I daresay that there are quite a number of backers who would be glad to make that experiment with an axe. What is your explanation?"

Mr. Bache had several. The horse had been coughing before his ignominious display; the "going" had been hard; the horse hadn't eaten up; he had probably been poisoned; he had two ways of running, probably three. . . .

"You are both warned off for life," said the senior steward eventually, "and Costyermore is disqualified from running for two years."

"That's a bit thick," said the indignant Mr. Tookes.

"Not quite so thick as you," retorted the steward colloquially.

Mr. Tookes and his trainer dined that night in a restaurant off Collins Street. They were men of the world who had read books on philosophy from the prison library—for both had had the misfortune in their earlier days of meeting another kind of steward who sat on a bench and said "Nine months hard labour" almost mechanically.

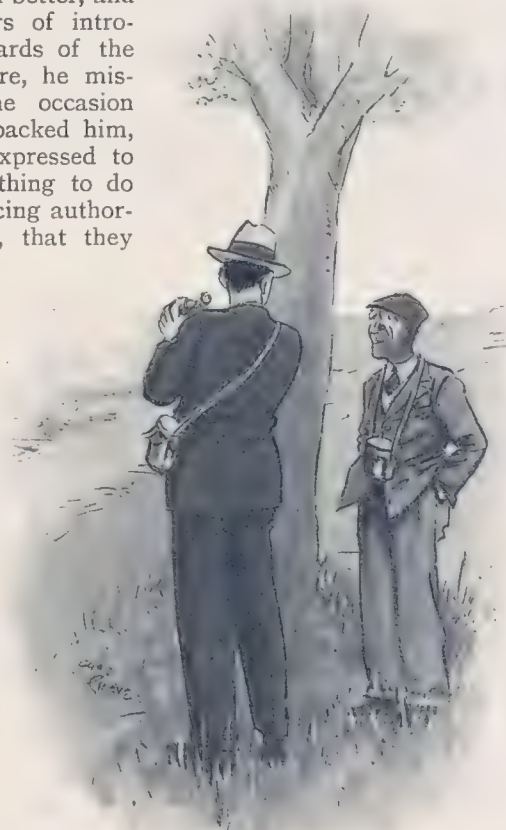
"There's no sense in crying over spilt milk," said Mr. Tookes as he dissected a chicken. "We've had a good run and cleaned up. Thank Gawd those bat-eyed so-and-so's (he referred to the stewards) didn't hold their inquiry until after the settling!"

"What are we going to do with Costyermore?" asked Mr. Bache. "That's what hurts me. They might have left the so-and-so horse alone. He's worth three thousand quid of anybody's money—now he's a dead loss."

They discussed the matter thoroughly.

Two days later the Melbourne newspapers announced that Costyermore had been sold to a "well-known Queensland breeder" and

"Hard luck on Lambury," said the Tout



was leaving for Brisbane by the first available boat. But Costyermore did not go to Queensland. He was certainly landed at Colombo and subsequently was despatched to Natal. From South Africa he was shipped to the Argentine via England.

On Salisbury Plain was a small training establishment recently vacated by a gentleman trainer who was so much a gentleman that he never came to his stables except for the week-ends. In consequence his horses were left in charge of a head lad who spent some of his time in Bournemouth. The patrons of the gentleman trainer endured their misfortunes for two years and then sent their horses to stables presided over by coarse men who slept with their charges all the year round and won races with monotonous regularity.

Mr. Tookes, sitting at breakfast in a London hotel, read the advertisement in a sporting newspaper:

Small training establishment to be let.
Nice house and garden. Twenty good boxes
and best gallops in England.

"That's our place," he said.

It took a fortnight's negotiations and consultations and exchanges of references before Tickey Lodge passed into the possession of Mr. Bache, who had changed his name to Bates, and the greater part of six months elapsed before he received the necessary licence to train horses under the Jockey Club rules.

Happily for him, he had trained horses in the Argentine before he migrated to Australia, and the recommendations which came from South America may have had something to do with the facility with which he received his "ticket."

He was a good trainer in the sense that he was a man who could make running horses run. He was not a kind trainer, and when he walked into his stable yard the lads did not greet him with wild cheers, nor did the horses follow him about wherever he went, but he was a good trainer.

He would have had to be superlatively good to have solved the problem of Costyermore. He had a consultation with Mr. Tookes.

"It's no use pretending," he said, "that we are *persona grata* with the Jockey Club."

"What does *persona grata* mean?" asked Mr. Tookes.

"Boy friends," translated Mr. Bache. "They are not quite certain of us, and if we try to ring in Costyermore they will be down on us like a thousand of bricks. The only thing to do is to find a can to own this horse."

"You can easily find one of those," said Mr. Tookes. "There are so many about that they jingle."

Mr. Bache shook his head.

"This fellow has got to be a regular swell, not somebody who has never seen a night club. He has got to have his name in the Book of Words."

The Book of Words, to Mr. Bache, was any standard work of reference; in this particular case, the Peerage.

Chance brought Mr. Tookes to Whisbury and to the acquaintance of Colonel Bridges, who had a daughter, a dog, and a nose for bargains. About the daughter and the dog Mr. Tookes; between one Italian vermouth and another, learned nothing; but he learned that the Colonel was the sort of man who could walk into any junk shop and discover a Velasquez or a Gainsborough or a Corot that had been overlooked by generations; that he was the sort of man who found treasures in the most unexpected places.

It is true that connoisseurs denied the authenticity of the Velasquez and Gainsboroughs and Corots, and that the sixteenth-century armour that he bought for a mere song was the work of a Birmingham yeoman armourer who had a taste for pictures of greyhound racing; but

you could never convince Colonel Bridges that he was not the victim of a conspiracy organized by what he vaguely described as "the ring."

"This man," said Mr. Tookes to the interested Mr. Bates, "is Our Bird. Go and buy a milk-cart and be at such and such a place at such and such an hour tomorrow."

The next day he walked through a quiet street in Whisbury, and lo! there by the kerb was a milk-cart drawn by a rather large, self-conscious horse.

"That's an awkward-looking beast, Colonel," said Mr. Tookes.

The Colonel cast an eye over the animal.

"If that isn't a great horse I've never seen one," he said. "Look at his legs, look at his neck, look at his quarters!"

"I rather like his ears, too," said Mr. Tookes.

They interviewed the milkman. No, the horse was not for sale. It was a legacy from a dead aunt. Yes, it had been in a racing stable.

"What did I tell you?" said the Colonel.

"It's very hard work for the poor old fellow," said the milkman plaintively, "pulling carts up and down these so-and-so hills. If I could get him in a racing stable I believe he would win something."

But the horse was not for sale. He could be leased. The Colonel, who knew nothing about leases except that you didn't have to put any money down, grew feverishly enthusiastic at the suggestion. He had discovered another Velasquez.

As to Colonel Bridges' dog and his daughter, and Mr. Mortimor, who loved his daughter . . .

A few months after the excellent milk horse had gone into training Mr. Frank Mortimor came into the chemist's shop with a firm step. There was determination in his eye, a certain rapidity of purpose in the lift of his chin. Purpose and determination relaxed for the moment; two



"Led out a horse who seemed quite surprised to find himself under the stars"



MR. EDGAR WALLACE

By Avtori

The world's greatest expert in crime, and the author of this little narrative, "A Judge of Horses," things which next to a study of criminals of all degrees Mr. Edgar Wallace probably loves best, for he races a good deal, and both he and his charming wife are owners. It is probable that no better crime thriller than "On the Spot," which has held thousands of people absolutely breathless at Wyndham's, has ever been written. Paris has endorsed London's verdict and acclaimed "On the Spot" as a masterpiece. That other great crook play, "The Ringer," also by Mr. Edgar Wallace, however, must be placed a good second, and very close up at that

young ladies were at the counter and were making purchases in a whisper, and Frank was, he hoped, too much of a gentleman to intrude upon the privacy of innocent maidenhood engaged in its first choice of lipstick.



"Almost at the feet of the one girl in the world"

"Yes, sir?"

The swing doors were still vibrating from the hurried exit of beauty when Frank approached the white-coated and elderly assistant.

"I want to buy a very deadly poison," he said firmly. "What can you recommend?"

The chemist looked at him tiredly. He was a man with a whitish beard, and he was entirely without illusions.

"Houpla Lemonade Crystals have never been known to fail," he said with an appropriate acidity of manner.

"We also stock a ginger-beer powder that is devastating."

Mr. Mortimor made a noise which indicated his annoyance and resentment.

"There is no need for you to be amusing," he said testily. "I am asking you as a chemist for information. I seem to remember that you had a sign on your window—'Curtis for Courtesy'—give me a sample."

The bearded assistant sighed.

"Do you require the poison for a dog or a rich relative?" he asked. "What is suitable for one may be quite inadequate for another."

"For a dog," said Frank. "A big white dog—at least, it looked big to me."

The man behind the counter shook his head.

"We have nothing that would suit a white dog. A brown dog—yes. Is it your own dog?"

"That is immaterial," said Frank stiffly. "But as you are so infernally curious, I may tell you that it is *not* my dog. It belongs to Colonel Bridges. At least, it lives in his house."

Mr. Curtis nodded.

"Toby," he said, and leaned back against a shelf full of large bottles, setting them jangling. "I could run this store and could make a good profit on the sale of poisons for Toby. He bit you, of course? Who was the young man we sent over to Paris for a Pasteur treatment? It is amazing how rare hydrophobia is nowadays."

Frank breathed heavily through his nose.

"Am I to understand that other—er—gentlemen have been chased by this dog?"

Mr. Curtis nodded.

"And caught," he said simply. "There is a strain of bloodhound in him—the Colonel has been experimenting for years. The Bridges Terrier is becoming recognized;

there was a Bridges Terrier class at the Hindeny Dog Show last year. Did you kiss her?"

Mr. Mortimor went red. He was naturally pink anyway and he hadn't far to go.

"If you are referring to Miss Bridges —," he began.

Mr. Curtis nodded gravely.

"I thought so. The Colonel has trained the dog to bite anybody who kisses his daughter. Hence the casualties. A fantastic idea, but then the Colonel is a scientist. When he says that kissing is unhygienic he has the support of the British Bacteriological Association. . . ."

Frank walked from the store and banged the door until he received the bump that flung him into the middle of the sidewalk, almost at the feet of the one girl in the world.

Honore Bridges looked deliciously cool and sweet and inadequately dressed—fair-skinned, grey-eyed, slim, and adorable. Frank used to whisper to himself that she had the most wonderful figure; her girl friends used to sigh with envy at the

perfect shape of her visible legs.

"Poor dear—are you hurt?"

He picked himself up and looked at Toby. Of course Toby was there—a nondescript hound with a silly grin and a wagging tail. It was impossible to believe that this imbecile dog could be terrifying and dangerous. He sidled up to Frank and rubbed a little grime on to his immaculate flannel trousers.

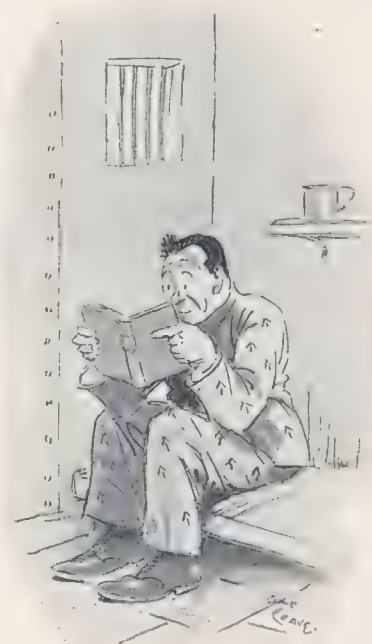
"I shall kill that animal."

Frank spoke in an undertone; there were some things he did not wish the dog to know.

"How silly you are, darling. Come along and give me some tea and then you can take me to the pier. I want to see all the unbalanced people who think Whisbury is a holiday resort."

Whisbury is on the south coast.

For eight months in the year it is a beautiful little town with a delightful old Norman church, and on the sea-front an unbroken stretch of amber sands. Retired officers of the Indian Army have their residences here, and their houses have such names as Simla, Pondicherry, Allahabad, Gunga Din, or something similar. They have a club where they sign "chits" for "pegs," and tell one another about the jolly times they had when they were staying with the Maharajah of Hooti-Tooti, and



"Had read books on philosophy from the prison library"

(Continued on p. 71)



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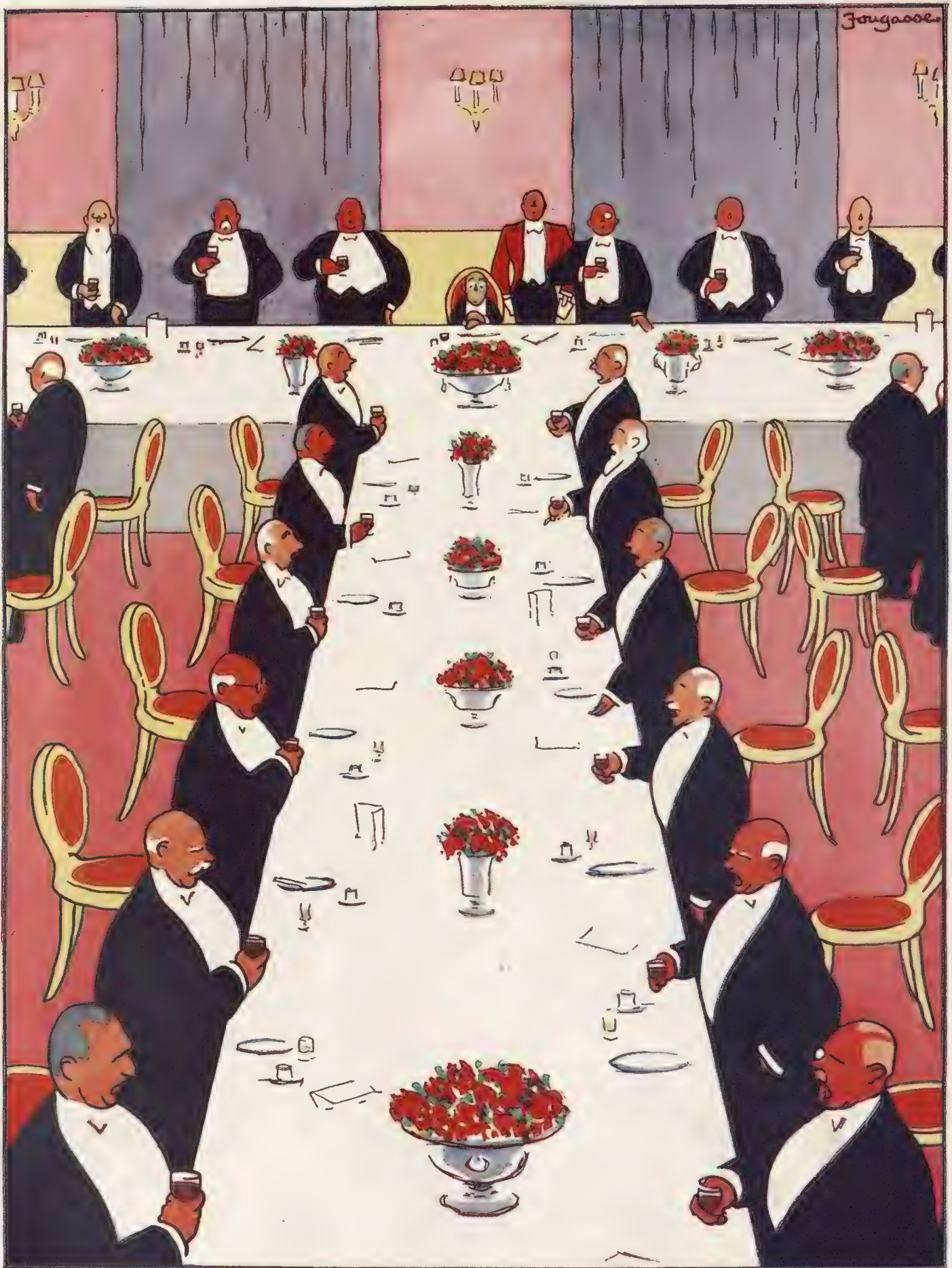


-AND
DEVELOP
STRENGTH



MOLLY IN THE GARDEN

*From the picture in the Royal Academy, 1930,
by Mark Symons*



THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE

By Fougasse



" . . . You treacherous swine—you and your plaster-sainted family . . . "

VINTAGE PORT. By S. M. R. Syme

COLONEL RICHARDSON'S round, reddish face, across the gleaming mahogany of his dinner-table, began to wear the restive, puckered look which signified that he had enjoyed the ladies' society immensely—God bless 'em!—but was now prepared to accept their retreat with composure.

Mrs. Richardson could read the sign and took the hint. Thus, rather sooner than was pleasing to them, six lovely specimens of the female sex were relentlessly driven from six apparently indifferent partners—"the men paying them no attention nor asking them to stay," as an eighteenth-century Frenchman wrote painfully of our ungallant convention!

As a matter of fact, indifference could only be imputed to five of the six, for it was perfectly obvious to all that Philip Marsden, who had only that day become engaged to his host's daughter, had much ado to refrain from pursuing the cyclamen coloured slippers of his lady. He dared not raise his eyes above them as she passed reluctantly from his sight.

Iris Richardson, the lovely and desirable, his Colonel's daughter, had accepted him. So much, to their pleasure or pain, all were at liberty to know. Better men than himself had wanted her; there had been higher hopes, perhaps; he was aware of the general verdict passed upon him. . . . "Marsden? A good enough fellow. But not quite up to the Richardsons I should say."

What none of them knew (and never would, since Iris herself had sworn it) was the ugly, hidden truth which he had forced himself to lay before her, and in spite of which she had accepted him. The shadow of his ordeal still darkened his spirit; he felt bewildered and half-incredulous.

She knew the worst about him and had not turned away. The painful relief was almost more than he could bear.

The Colonel glanced at his future son-in-law with an air of puzzled amusement. He made—and quickly abandoned—an effort to recall his own sentimental youth; the time when he too, perhaps, had chafed at what was now his favourite moment of the day. But youth and its dreams had long since taken leave of him. He gazed with satisfaction down his table, which glowed like a lovely jewel in a darkened bowl; then he turned his chair more comfortably and settled down.

In addition to a strong desire to be more nearly alone with his excellent cigars and justly renowned wine, Richardson was anxious to follow up a subject which had been opened by the ladies, but which he felt could be more effectively dealt with in their absence—the modern war novel. Richardson held virulent opinions upon every subject under the sun. The only mellowing influence in his life was port.

Philip, confused and preoccupied, found it waiting at his elbow, one of those rare vintages invariably kept until this moment since the ladies—God bless 'em—could hardly be expected to appreciate them.

Philip helped himself with an air of gloomy foreboding. For hours on end he seemed to have watched a succession of different coloured liquids tinkling into one or other of his platoon of long-stemmed glasses. He detested wine. It was apt to deal unkindly with him, and already his hand was shaking more than a little.

"I want your opinion of that," came Richardson's luscious voice.

(Continued on p. 2)

Stories from Everywhere

THESE two stories of famous people are taken from "All That I Have Met," by Mrs. Claude Beddington:

"A story is told by one of Gladstone's relations that Gladstone was sitting writing at a desk while a roomful of young people discussed in hushed and respectful whispers the difficulty of packing a bath sponge, its usually dripping condition and altogether odious behaviour on a journey, each suggesting different methods of dealing with the problem. Suddenly, to their horror—for they had imagined that their illustrious relative was too absorbed in affairs of State to overhear their prattle—he turned round in his chair and boomed at them: 'Lay a towel on the floor, put the sponge on the towel, and jump on it!'"

"Mr. Bernard Shaw detests music with his meals, and he once called to the leader of the Tzigane band, which was making the usual deafening and distracting noises in a restaurant: 'Could you play something if I asked you to?'"

"But certainly, Monsieur."

"Well, would you play either poker or dominoes—whichever you like—until I have finished my dinner."

The battalion were in camp, and one day one of the officers came upon a private going towards a tent with a large rooster struggling in his arms. The officer stopped him and said sternly, "What are you doing with that bird? You've stolen it."

"Oh no, sir," replied the man quickly, "I saw it sitting on a wall, and I ordered him to crow for King and Country, and as he wouldn't I confiscated him for a rebel."

A bishop owned a parrot which had been previously in the possession of a sailor, and its language was more picturesque than refined. The bishop strongly objected to some of its expressions, and one day, to show his disapproval, he took the bird and swung it violently round several times at the full length of his arm. He then replaced it on its feet. The parrot was at first in a dazed condition; then it cocked its eye at the bishop in a knowing way and exclaimed: "There's a — of a sea runnin' to-day, mate."

"No man should ever spend more than two-thirds of his money," said the well-meaning village worker to the old farm labourer. "I hope you observe that rule."

"To tell 'ee the truth, zur," answered the old man, "I ain't no good at figures."

"Well, perhaps I can help you. Say you earn a pound a week —"

"But I don't. I earns thirty shillings."

"Then that makes it quite simple. Two-thirds of thirty shillings is just a pound. You should never spend more than that."

The old boy beamed. "And no more I does!" he said. "Just a pound and not a penny over have I spent these last ten years."

"Excellent. Very sound sense. And how do you bank the balance?"

"Bank it? I don't bank it. I gives it to the old woman to keep house on."

A commercial traveller was calling on a canny village grocer at Christmas time, and offered him a box of cigars. "Na, na," was the reply, "I never tak' presents."

The traveller seemed a little disconcerted. "But it's only a Christmas box you know, and if you don't care to take it for nothing give me a nominal sum—say a shilling."

"Verra weel," replied the canny grocer, producing some silver, "I'll tak' six."

Two men at the club were discussing their respective sons at school. Said one, "My son's letters from school always send me to the dictionary."

Said the other, "You're lucky! My son's letters always send me to the bank!"



Sailor: Pull yourself together, 'Erbert, we licked all the champagne off her bows when she was launched



Lady of the House (to tramp): I'll give you your dinner if you will help the maid chop up wood?
Tramp: May I go and look?
Lady: But the wood is here
Tramp: Yes—but it's the maid I want to look at



Sailor (who has used "language" in the hearing of a bishop in mufti): Well, 'ow did I know 'e was a bishop!
"Why don't 'e give us a chance by wearin' 'is little woolly leggings and 'is funny 'at?"

Drawn by Chas. Grave



"Do you like Beethoven?"
"I do, but don't let that stop you!"

Drawn by Jorgen Myller



THE CIRCUS AS IT IS TO-DAY

When Elephants Fly

By M. Willson Disher

*Circuses are so Progressive that
Air Parades must come soon*

What Famous Showmen of the Past Achieved

With Illustrations by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

OF course, it may not happen. Yet I for one will not be surprised should I live to see a circus fly. Little busy 'planes loaded with cylinders of coloured smoke will first paint lurid posters on the clouds. Then the faint celestial music of brass bands in air-liners will herald the approach of lions 'n tigers 'n everything, sailing through the air. There will be elephants strap-hanging by the waist to cigar-shaped dirigibles, and Columbines displaying their graces not on the saddle, but suspended from parachutes.

Why not? However fantastic the vision, it cannot be stranger to-us than the great railroad circuses of to-day, possessing three or four trains apiece, would be to the showman of the past. Since one famous Continental show already possesses a fleet of aeroplanes, an enterprising rival will be sure to go one better, and once this competitive spirit is set going, heaven only knows where it would end—I say "heaven" advisedly. Then all such nonsense as "Pigs would fly if



MAKING-UP



A PERFORMER FROM FURRIN PARTS

they had wings" will vanish from popular speech. Performing pigs could fly now if their trainers wanted them to. There is no need to worry about wings as long as there are bladders.

Of one thing I am sure. There is no task a showman will not tackle if it crowds his seats. Even were one of Barnum's heirs to fly the Atlantic with all his beasts and men before long, I doubt whether his courage and enterprize would be greater than the first pioneers of sawdust and tan whose bones lie full fathom five under all the seven seas. The whole history of showmanship is one long record of impudence, often greedy, sometimes crafty and cunning, frequently foolhardy, but always daring, venturesome, and progressive. The strangest part of it all is that showfolk themselves change very slowly. The conjuror, the rope-walker, the tumbler, and the trick-rider still exhibit the tricks and feats which made mouths gape untold centuries ago. You can see them hard at work on the frescoes of the tombs of the Pharaohs, on metal urns of immense age, and on the illuminated pages of medieval missals. They have altered but little, however much the show of which they form part has aggravated itself.

Nor is this the first time a pleasure-crazed civilization has called upon them to exert themselves. No doubt the arsenals of amusements which the Americans and the Germans know as the circus are among the wonders of the world to-day. Yet with all the modern showman's skill in organization, he is still behind his forerunners of Ancient Rome in devising outdoor spectacles of overwhelming splendour. The managers of the Colosseum, despite the difficulties of transport, could bring into the arena herds of elephants, rare beasts by the hundred, and ostriches, boars, and deer by the thousand. It should also be remembered that since bloodshed was then highly popular, they came before the public for one appearance only. Gladiators, despite

the cost and trouble in training them, were slaughtered in such vast numbers that the wonder is there was any scope for mere acrobats at all. Yet tight-rope walkers were popular, and when one did break his neck at a high festival, the Emperor on that occasion, far from applauding the added excitement, ordered that in future mattresses should be placed to soften a performer's fall.

In the Roman circus where the chariots raced, or in the amphitheatre where gladiators fought, real showfolk were merely a little garnishing for the real feast. Yet they persisted when the great show places of antiquity were falling into wrack and ruin. The resemblances between the performers of the Middle Ages and those of Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome are well marked. Acrobatics, conjuring, and trick-riding were always admired, and there is only one turn in the programme that lasted all these centuries which would puzzle a modern amusement-seeker. Our forefathers, in addition to training horses, bears, and monkeys to do tricks, possessed performing hares. It is rare nowadays to hear of a tame hare. No one, as far as my experience goes, has ever heard of a performing one.

There were showmen in the time of Chaucer who formed various kinds of entertainers into bands, but they could offer the public nothing as magnificent as the tourneys, which were shows, no matter how serious they might be to the combatants. By the sixteenth century, after a king or two had been fatally injured in these knightly exercises at arms, they changed into contests of tilting at the quintain, varied with gaudy parades of wild beasts and allegorical cars. These shows, being too costly to be continued, dwindled into displays of horsemanship held in the great riding-schools of the eighteenth century.

(Continued on p. 30)



WAITING HER TURN



A MUSICAL CLOWN

By Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

These in their turn declined, and riding-masters had to look to the public for their livelihood. Out of the funds raised by going round with the hat they built riding-houses which were open to the public as places of amusement. You can trace the connection between these and the tourney by the word *entrée*. Originally used to describe the appearance of a knight in the lists, it next denoted the horseman's exhibition of his powers, and then any item of entertainment in an equestrian establishment. To-day it is confined to the term "*entrée* of clowns."

By such a world-changing series of events the circus was brought into being. Its father was young Sergeant-Major Astley, home from the German wars in 1765, with nothing but his charger and a knack of doing astonishing things while standing on a horse which galloped at some speed. Though only one among the many trick-riders who performed in the fields and tea-gardens of London, he was the first to put a fence round a pitch of his own, and the first to hire acrobats to vary the entertainment. His ground was across the river from the Houses of Parliament, just behind where St. Thomas's Hospital now stands. For over a century afterwards that spot was still "Astley's," and still the source of new ideas for the amusement of the whole world.

Who was Barnum anyway, compared to the genius who set the ring rolling? Our sergeant-major was a man of no education, but his praises were sung by Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Garrick. He was fond to excess of the phrases, "This here" and "That there," of long-winded sentences which tied themselves in knots, and of

words with many syllables. He complained that his horses ate *vociferously*, and described what curious things could be found in a crocodile's *intellects*. After appearing before Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette at Versailles, he said, "That there king can't be the father of the *Dolphin*. Why, he's *omnipotent*." When a low comedian announced that he would give an imitation of "This here great man," everybody knew who was meant. Astley's son went to see him with a horsewhip. The imitation was not given, and the audience, having come especially to see it, started a riot.

Beyond a doubt he was a great man. After erecting a lordly Amphitheatre of Arts on his ground at Lambeth, he made others spring up like mushrooms in the chief provincial cities of England, and in Dublin and Paris as well. There has never been his equal as a jerry-builder. He practised the utmost economy by acting as his own architect, by recruiting his labourers outside the nearest public-house, and by using any kind of material, from the timbers of worn-out ships to the planks saved from election-day bonfires. His London pleasure-house was twice burned to the ground, but he rebuilt it each time on a grander scale. Then he bought an awkward piece of waste ground (now the site of the portico of Bush House), and covered it with an extraordinary wooden tent which he aptly named his "Pavilion." The venture was a hopeless failure, but he sold out at a handsome figure and retired to Paris, where he died in 1814 at the age of seventy-two.

By now the circus was known far and wide. It had been taken to Russia by Hughes, who had begun as a

(Continued on p. 79)



STABLE COMPANIONS



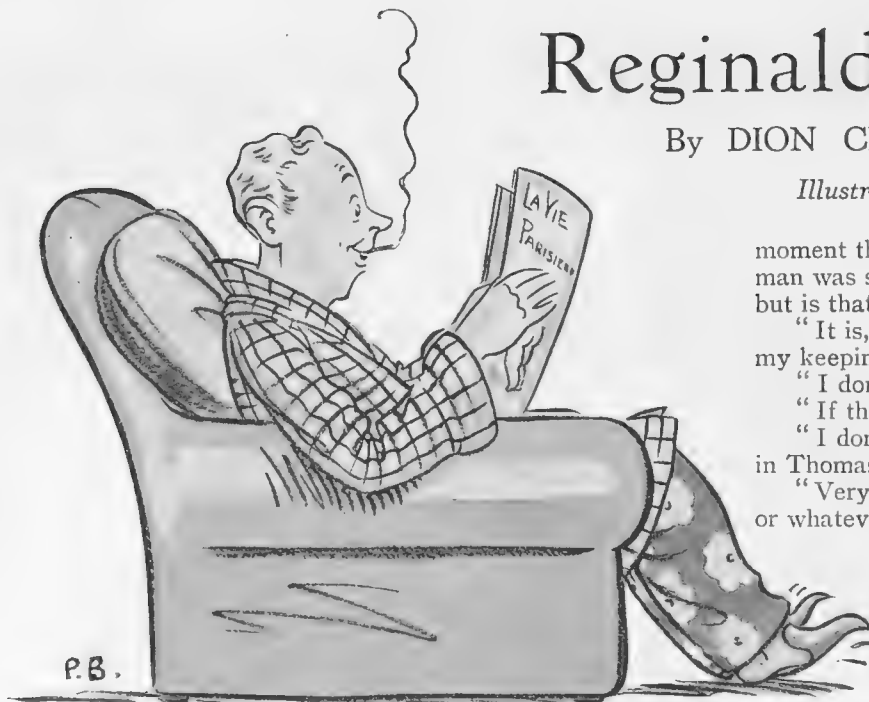
THE TOY DOG

By A. K. Macdonald

Reginald's Elephant

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Illustrated by P. Bellew



"He was glancing at the pictures in 'La Vie Parisienne'" —

THE reason why Reginald Bausted became possessed of an elephant is a reason without reason. It happened in this way. Reginald had an uncle who lived permanently, or as permanently as life allows, in India; through his uncle Reginald obtained a ticket in the Calcutta Sweep, drew the winning horse, and added four hundred thousand pounds to his fortune, which in itself was considerable.

One morning Reginald, having breakfasted, was seated in his dressing-gown in a chair by a window overlooking Piccadilly. He was as fresh as paint, young, healthy, and possessing a fund of humour.

He was glancing at the pictures in "La Vie Parisienne" and smoking a Caporal cigarette, but for that, picture an ordinary young Englishman who has eaten porridge, kidneys and bacon, and a slice of melon with excellent appetite. His room showed good taste except, possibly, in the books which lined the lower part of the walls, for here were no great classics but a very fine collection of detective stories beautifully bound in green Morocco. When he had finished with "La Vie" he turned listlessly to "The Times," and then he began to open a pile of letters. He had no bills, being rich enough to pay always in cash, but there were half-a-dozen advertisements, a number of invitations, a charming note from an educated lady in the chorus, and a cheque from his bookmaker. To him there entered presently his man, Thomas, bearing a note on a salver and a very puzzled expression. Reginald opened the note, and his expression also became puzzled.

"But this can't be true," he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid it is, sir."

"What are we to do?" asked Reginald.

"I am quite at a loss, sir."

"Did you speak to the man?"

"The coloured gentleman does not seem to understand English, sir."

"I will see for myself. By the way, Thomas, you knew my uncle, Sir George."

"Yes, sir."

"Queer, wasn't he?"

"In his own way, sir."

"I understand his own way was not always other people's, but it is rather stretching a point to cut me out of his will except for leaving me this animal which, I understand, is outside."

"Very much so, sir, and a small crowd, too." At that

moment the front-door bell rang. A hot, flustered policeman was shown into the room. "I beg your pardon, sir, but is that your elephant?"

"It is," replied Reginald. "There is no law against my keeping an elephant, I believe."

"I don't think there is, sir."

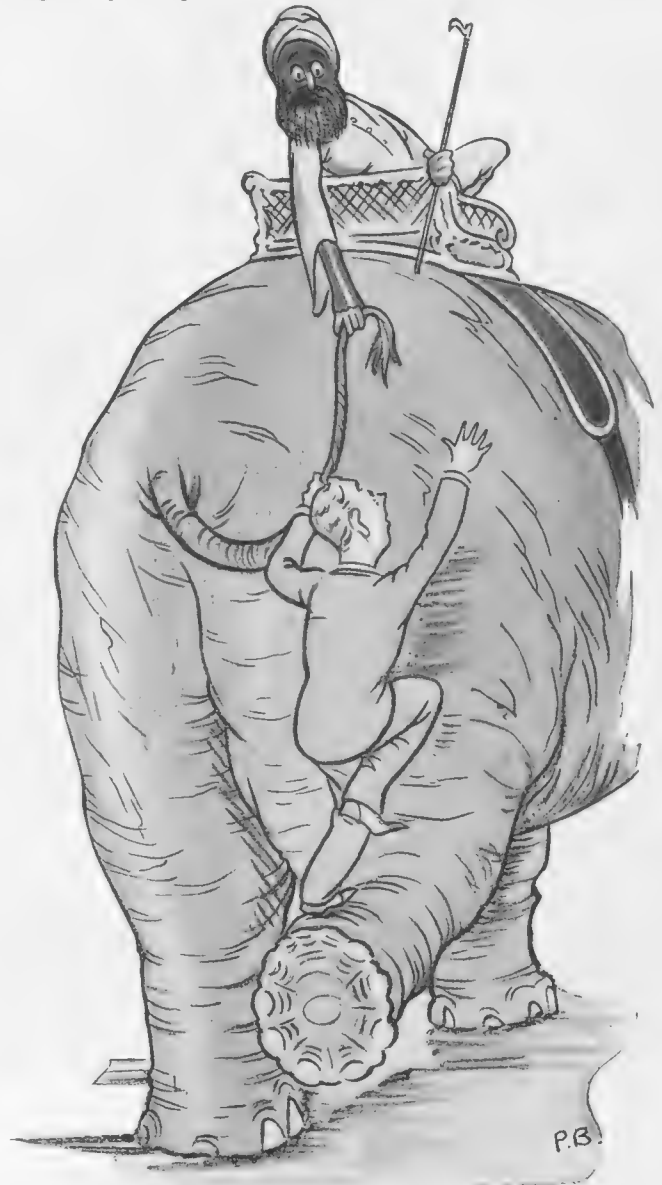
"If there is, kindly go downstairs and shoo it away."

"I don't think elephants understand shoo-ing, sir," put in Thomas.

"Very well, I am going down to speak to the chauffeur, or whatever they are called, myself."

Still clad in his dressing-gown, Reginald descended the stairs, followed by Thomas and the policeman. The front door having been opened, there was disclosed a great grey elephant standing patiently in the road with a mahout on his back.

"I say!" said Reginald. "It is a jolly-looking beast." He had remembered to bring a handful of sugar with him, and this he offered to the elephant, who gravely accepted it.



"Reginald obeyed these instructions" —

"I like this elephant," said Reginald to the mahout, who had by now made his salaams. "What is it called?" The Indian replied in Hindustani.

"No talkie English?" asked Reginald pleasantly.

If he had understood it, the Indian's reply was: "Thy servant is dumb in your tongue, O protector of the poor." Meanwhile the crowd melted away: the Londoner is not curious at the unusual.

"I must garage it," said Reginald seriously. "Thomas, find an elephant garage. There must be such a place. I must find a man who talks Indian."

"You can't leave it here, sir," said the policeman.

"I am just going to make arrangements," said Reginald. A brilliant idea had occurred to him. Going upstairs, he telephoned to Fortnum and Mason's and asked for the curry department, and was put through. "I have just had an elephant given to me," he said courteously. "And I find I have neglected my Hindustani; will you kindly send one of your assistants to talk to an Indian?"

"I am very sorry, sir, but we have no one here who speaks the language."

"But you are the chutney department, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no one talks a perfectly simple language. Most extraordinary." He rang off.

He went downstairs again and gazed at the monarch of the jungle. "Old chap," he said, as he patted the hard side, "we'll manage somehow." "If only the fellow up aloft spoke English —"

"I speak English, sahib," said the Indian.

"Dash it," cried Reginald.

"Why didn't you answer when I said 'Notalkie English?'"

"I did not know that was English," the Indian replied, with infinite gravity.

"Well, we must garage the elephant somehow," said Reginald.

"I shall call it Hunks, because there's such a lot of it."

"Will it answer to Hunks?"

"I will do my best willing to procure that, sahib."

"Well, just stay here while I go upstairs and think. I don't know where you are to sleep."

"With the elephant, sahib."

"Good heavens, supposing it turns in its sleep?"

"I was brought up with elephants, sahib."

"I shall be down directly," said Reginald. "I think a grey suit will go with an elephant. I have my own ideas about elephants. We will now feed it. Hunks, we are now going to Buzzards." Not many minutes later Reginald came face to face with another problem, the height of the elephant. "Do I," he wondered, "swarm up its trunk, or do I get a ladder?"

The mahout understood, he said something to the animal, who immediately lifted a hind leg. Then the mahout made a loop of his tail. "If the sahib will kindly stand on the foot and haul himself up by the tail he will find a cord on the back with which to proceed to the howdah."

Reginald obeyed these instructions, not without difficulty, and gave directions for the route to the celebrated confectioners. Slowly but firmly the great animal insinuated himself into the traffic. The excitement was intense, but Reginald, though inwardly swelling with pride, preserved a calm, even a haughty demeanour. They were in the front line of the traffic when a policeman held out his hand. This however, did not disconcert the elephant in the least; taking the policeman firmly but gently round the waist, he removed him and went on his stately way. Reginald then felt like a Royal Personage.

By Reginald's direction the elephant (hereinafter called Hunks) was brought to anchor outside Buzzards.

"Tell it to trumpet for an assistant," said Reginald.

Obedient to the mahout's remarks, Hunks made a disconcerting noise, and half the staff came to see what was the matter. An old lady who had had an early-morning sweet tooth also came out, saw Hunks, and said she should write to "The Times." One should not have one's delicate digestive apparatus upset by the sudden appearance of a zoological inexactitude. Meanwhile an assistant appeared and, on being hailed by Reginald, displayed that lack of critical attitude which is the virtue of a good servant.

"You . . . rang, sir?" he queried.

"Roughly speaking, yes," said Reginald, then, turning to the mahout, he remarked that he must have a hooter fixed on to the —

"I mean, if you follow me, one can't use a noise like that outside a really good cake shop." Then to the assistant. . . . "Will you kindly bring me . . .," he turned to the mahout. "What shall I say, a couple of hundred buns?"

"As the sahib wishes, these creatures have a vast interior cavity."

"Eton and Oxford couldn't beat that," said Reginald, and once more turning to the pleasant assistant, ordered two hundred buns.

"I am not particular

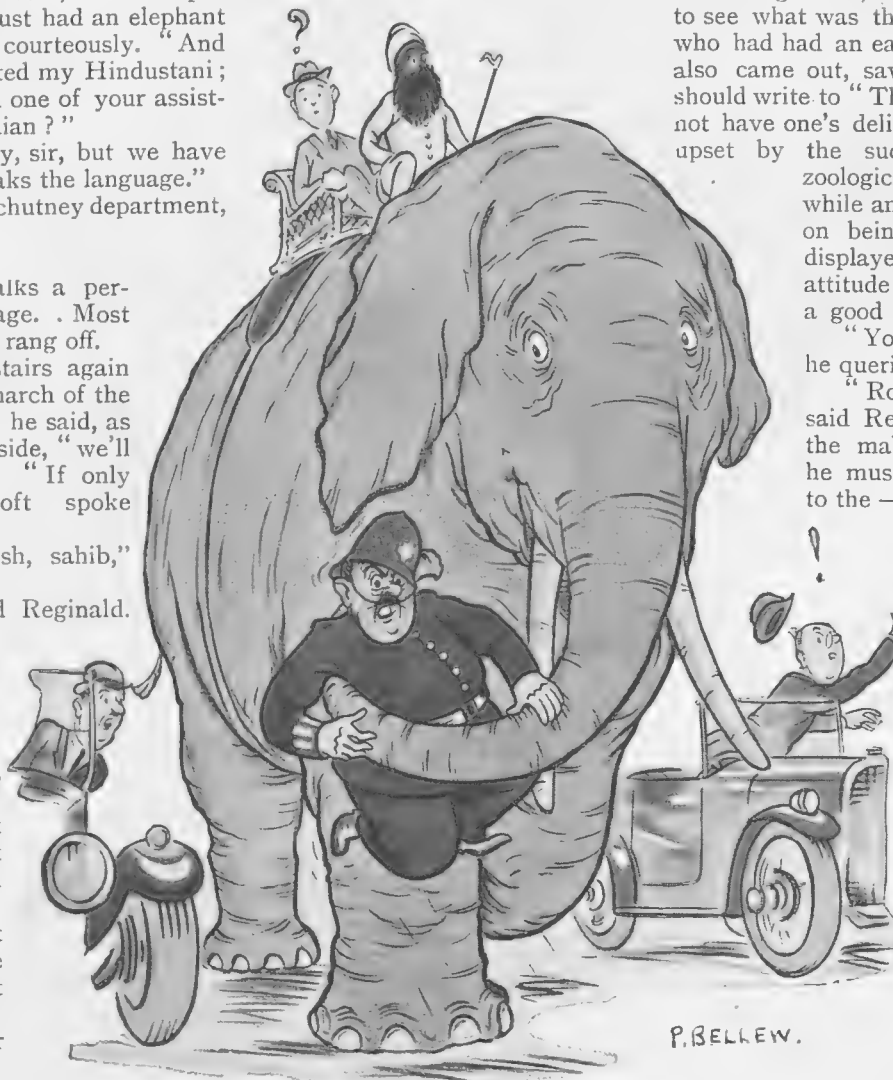
as to whether they are plain, Chelsea, or Bath."

"Certainly, sir, I quite understand. Buns forward," he called behind his head, and trays of buns were brought. The bill gave even Reginald to pause. "This snack is going to cost a lot of money," he said, then—"Put this confectionery down to my account, please."

"It is very ignorant of me," said Reginald as they moved away after the feast, "but do buns grow in India, or are they specially made for elephants?"

"It is not the habit to eat buns," the mahout replied. "It is green food and dried grass they require."

"I see," said Reginald. "We must buy it a big salad-bowl. But now I must find a garage. I think a decent warehouse will be the best thing." Directing the Indian towards Tottenham Court Road he became plunged in thought, ignoring the mockery of street urchins. Suddenly he looked up and there, seated in her car, was his aunt, Lady Muligauteny.



"He removed him and went on his stately way"—

"Reginald," she cried, looking at him through reproachful lorgnettes. "What *are* you doing there. Have you won the creature as a bet?"

"No, aunt, this is just my pet elephant, Hunks."

"People did not keep circus animals in my young



"I have already been introduced to her at a party"—

days," she said, sniffing. "But in these days people do almost anything."

"But, aunt," he protested, "riding is such good exercise."

She looked distastefully at the elephant. "Well, don't come to dinner to-morrow on that!" she said.

"It's a perfectly good elephant," Reginald raged.

"It may be," said his aunt. "I have heard stories of elephants' morals. In the 'Royal Reader,' she added quickly. "But I do not wish to be made conspicuous."

"Among those present we noticed Hunks, who is Mr. Bausted's latest pet," said Reginald. "My dear aunt, I admit that a giraffe would have been a real difficulty. Owing to its peculiar structure a giraffe could and would stare into the first-floor bedrooms, added to which it slopes too much for riding purposes. Now an elephant has ancestral manners . . . all right constable, I am moving on directly. . . . It is not, for instance, striped like a tiger who is dressed in a bad cricket blazer, nor like the zebra, which is only a camouflaged mule. It has a useful nose, unlike anything else. You may take for example the parrot, who is a kind of Jew chicken, or . . ."

The policeman was walking around the elephant. "I must take your number, sir. Obstructing the traffic."

"I'm most awfully sorry," says Reginald. "I will go at once and have it painted on. E 1 will be the number. Thank you so much for reminding me. I think somebody has just dropped half-a-crown by your post. By the way, where is the nearest colour-merchant?"

"First on the left, sir, an' about four shops up."

"Thank you."

They arrived, not without commotion, outside a colour shop, and Reginald, by bribery, obtained a man who, with a pot of red paint, marked E 1 on the elephant's rump.

"Now," said Reginald to the mahout, "I must go to Scotland Yard and register the number."

At the Yard he was informed by a very civil officer that the precaution was wise but unnecessary; upon which Reginald asked if they would like to take the elephant's footprints, and again the answer was in the negative. By now Reginald was feeling hungry, and so told the mahout to go to the Savoy, giving him instructions as to the way.

They arrived in great style in the courtyard, and again Reginald had a brain-wave. "Waiter," he called as he entered the restaurant. "Give my elephant a truss of hay and see that my chauffeur has what he wants to eat." Then turning to the mahout he said, "When both of you have eaten, you had better park Hunks on the nearest cab-rank and return for me by three o'clock."

With a profound salutation the Indian withdrew and all the eyes in the restaurant were on Reginald. A celebrated actress who made a point of lunching with her husband, approached Reginald's table although their acquaintance was of the slenderest. "Mr. Bausted," she said, holding out a jewelled hand. "It would give us so much pleasure if you would lunch with us."

"It would indeed," said her husband, who was a fashionable criminologist.

"This is very kind of you," said Reginald.

"We neither of us can afford to lose an advertisement," the lady replied frankly. "And if you have no objection to a dozen oysters, a dish of devilled chicken, a pêche melba, and a bottle of Château Yquen, we eat very simply you know, we should be delighted."

"You have made a dream come true," said Reginald politely. "Will you excuse me for the minute? Waiter, kindly cancel my tripe and onions and my pint of stout. I am lunching with some friends."

"How sweet of you," said the lady, whose little name was Tottie. "There is a well-known gossip-writer over there who will, I am sure, take coffee with us."

"But I detest publicity," said Reginald.

"It is the breath of public life," she replied. "To be unparagraphed is to be dead."

"But what about the *joi de vivre*?" he asked.

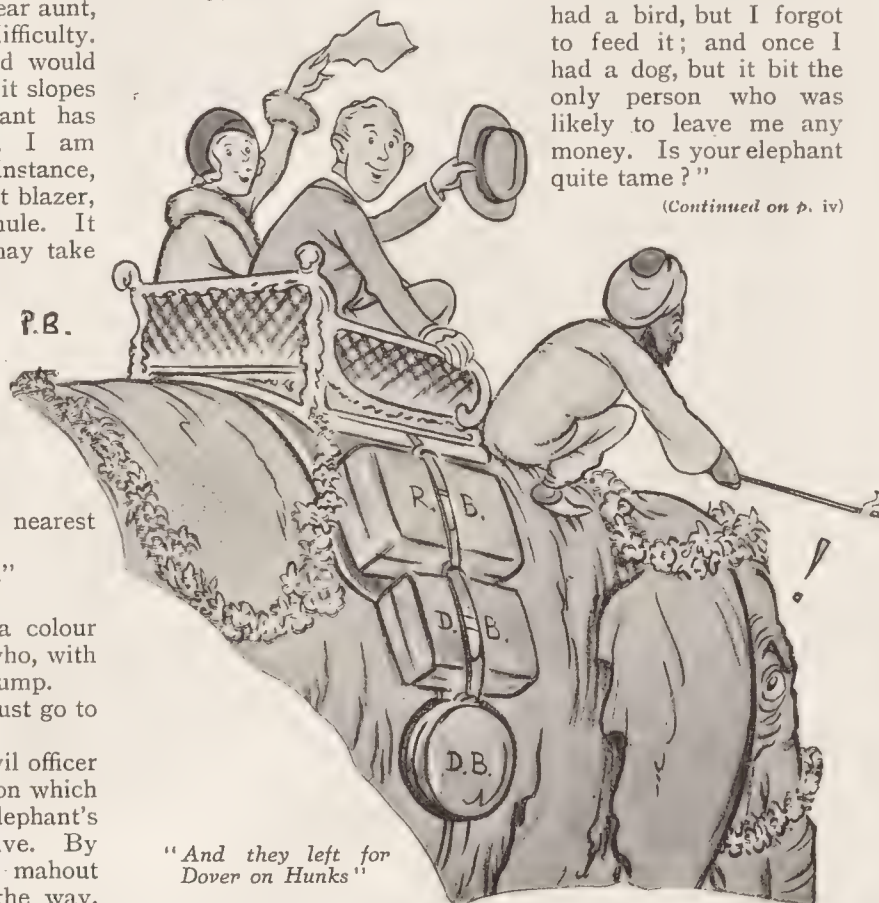
"It is merely a phrase invented by a person so rich that he could afford to be photographed without a free sitting," said her husband.

"Please tell us about the elephant?" asked the lady. "Did you hire it from a circus?"

"Hire it!" said Reginald in mock horror. "It is mine by gift of deed. It is a legacy."

"But how wonderful!" she cried. Then, a little sadly, "I once had a tortoise, but it vanished; and I once had a bird, but I forgot to feed it; and once I had a dog, but it bit the only person who was likely to leave me any money. Is your elephant quite tame?"

(Continued on p. iv)



"And they left for Dover on Hunks"

Making a man of him.



BIRD'S

CUSTARD
is so nutritious



Ye bigge Knightes and ye little Knightes did devoutly love ye selfsame faire Ladye so that each would most heartily bestowe upon ye other ye pasha and so leave ye fiewe clear for ye better maner.



To this ende ye preparations were made for ye mortale jouste with ye lance, ye shilde and ye buckler to saye nothing of ye fiery steeds and ye funke.



Ye little Knightes having ye winne up on accounte of ye givinge away so muche weght did resort to cunninge, subtiltye and foresighte to balance ye handcappe with ye assistance of hisn trustye Esquire.



Meanwhile ye faire Ladye safe alldays and silent (for apace) being muche exercised as to which she would preferre to winne in ye mortale jouste. Ye bigge manly Knightes, or ye little winsome Knightes.



In great wax and foaminge with rage most mightily did ye bigge Knighte onslaught ye little Knighte, but ye little Knighte was most cunningely crouching on ye ranche of hisn charger by ye said forliffen.



With ye result as drawne herewithalle, ye little Knighte makinge ye gallante and moste hastye getaways with ye faire Ladye before ye bigge Knighte should peradventure ride hisn lance of ye encumbrance arranged by foresighten and he remaineth to this daye a buclaire moste dolofule.

Alle's Fayre in ye Love and ye Warre!

By Dudley Tennant



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to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

In all the world, you will find no other gift more sure of appreciation. Alike for gay youth and gracious age, the clean fresh fragrance of the lovable Yardley Lavender is exquisite and has been cherished for generations. This Christmas, Give Lavender, the Lovable Fragrance.

Sprinkler Top bottles from 2/6 to 16/6—Fancy Stoppered bottles from 6/9 to 70/—Old English Lavender Soap, 'The Luxury Soap of the World,' in boxes of three tablets 2/6—Face Powder 1/9.—English Complexion Cream 3/4—Talcum Powder 1/2—Bath Salts 2/6—etc. GIFT CASES in great variety from 2/6 to 18/9. Also Gift Cases for Men



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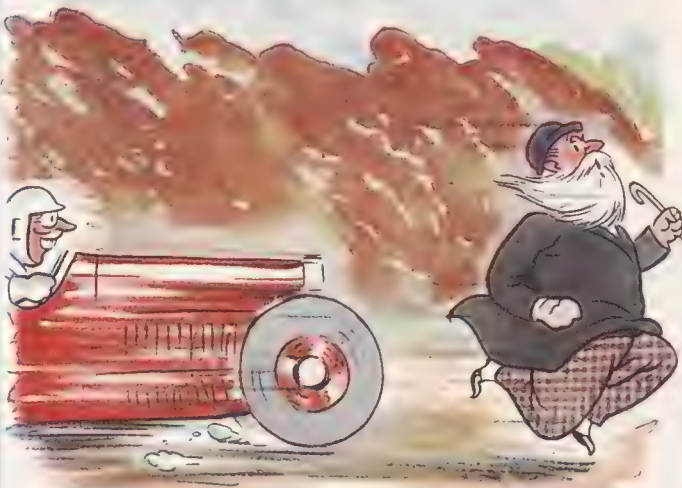
P. BELLEW.



Yes, we had a great day's sport—



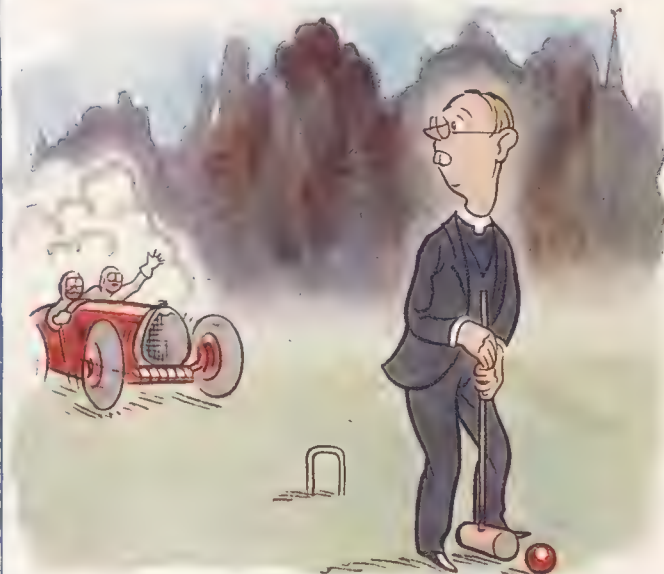
We found at Footwear Copse—



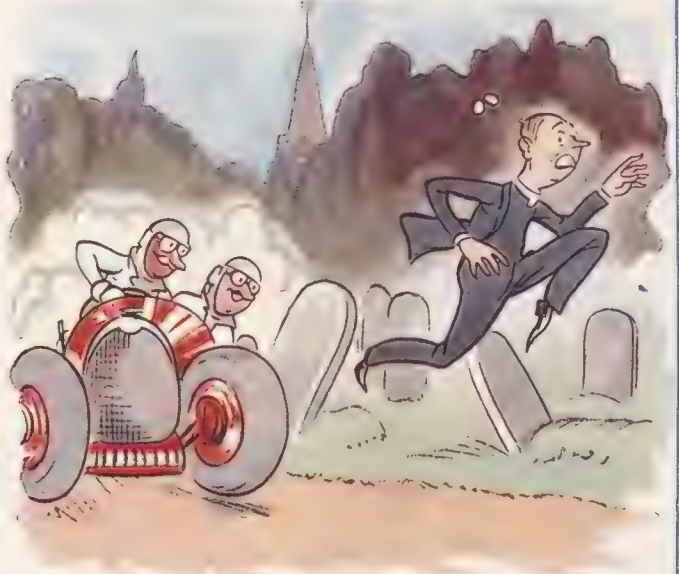
And following our quarry to Dead Man's Bottom



Lost him at Pacers Brook—



We then drew Parsons Green—



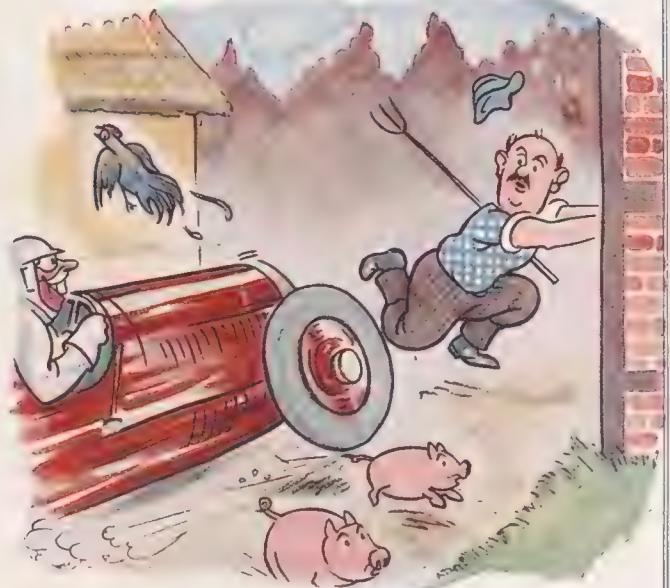
But after a tricky run across country—

By Patrick Bellew

PEDESTRIAN TO LIVE?



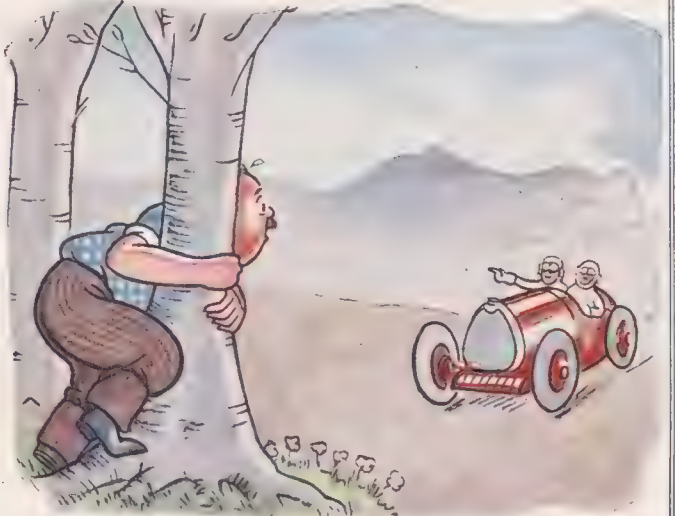
He went to ground—



We then bolted a beauty at Hayseed Farm—



Who gave—



Great sport



Until, after a fast 15-mile point—



We bowled him over in the open

By Patrick Bellew



Coronemus Nos Rosis Antequam
Marcescant.

Let us drink & be merry, dance, joke, & rejoice,
With claret & sherry, theorbo & voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasures uncertain,
Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings,
and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred
years hence.



— Macdonald —

At Christmas play and make good cheer,

By A. K.



We'll sport & be free with Moll, Betty, & Dolly,
 Have oysters & lobsters to cure melancholy;
 Fish dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
 Dame Venus-Love's lady,
 Was born of the sea;
 With her & with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it a hundred years
 hence.

Thomas Jordan. (1612-1685)

for Christmas comes but once a year

Macdonald



THE ETONIAN WHO WAS ASKED TO

By H. M. Bateman

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of



S ASKED TO PLAY "NUTS AND MAY"

By H. M. Bateman

obtained from the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



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CARNIVAL COSTUME

By Hookway Cowles

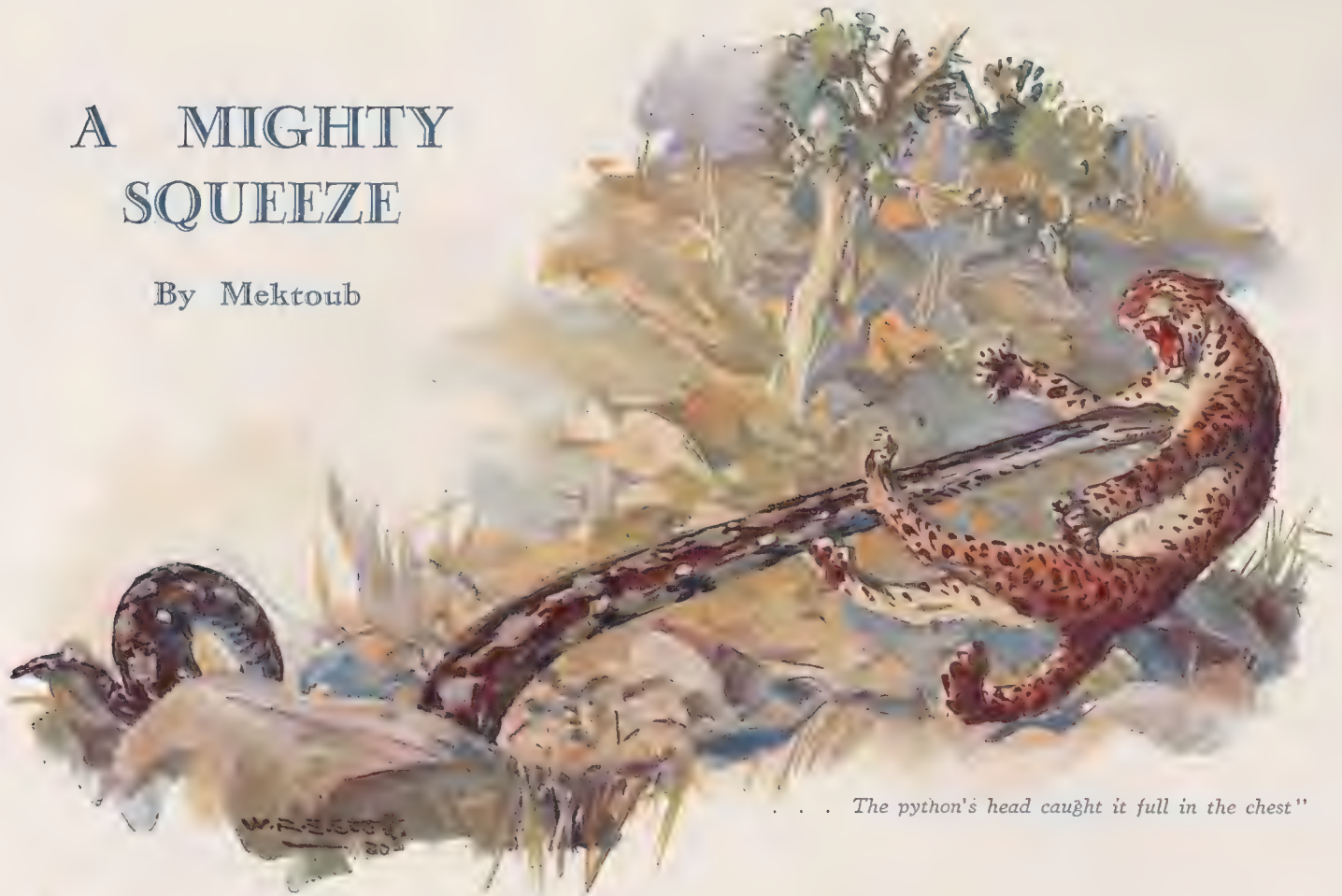


COLUMBINE'S WASHING DAY

By M. E. Cochrane

A MIGHTY SQUEEZE

By Mektoub



The python's head caught it full in the chest"

AN all-night vigil in a machan is a wearisome but interesting experience, especially if one is a student of nature in the wild, but it is not the perilous undertaking that is so vividly described by Mr. Mason in his excellent book "No Other Tiger," nor does it need iron nerves; in fact a capacity for keeping awake through the night and a good dose of quinine to keep off malaria are the principal requirements.

My shooting trip to the Central Provinces had not met with success, the only tiger reported to have been in my beat having been disturbed by the passing of a stray pack of dholes, so that it went right away from that part of the country, and as my period of leave was nearly expired I was thinking of packing up at once and returning to Dagshai, where my regiment was quartered, when news was brought that a leopard had killed a calf near the village of Goodebrai.

It was too hot for the bullock-carts which carried my tents and kit to march by day, so I had to wait for the sun to go down before I could move my camp to that place. We arrived about three in the morning, and as soon as it was light I went and inspected the nullah where the kill had taken place, and found it shallow, dry as a bone, and overhung in places by trees. Near the middle of the nullah a large tree offered a convenient site in its branches, for a charpoi to be fixed for a machan, so I selected it and arranged for it to be prepared. There was another tree almost opposite on the other side of the nullah which would have done equally well except that the moon would have been in my eyes, looking at the nullah from it. There was some little difficulty in getting a suitable victim to tie up, and I had to send to a village five miles away before a young goat could be obtained.

However, everything was ready by four o'clock in the afternoon when I climbed up to the machan to commence my watch. Directly the men were out of sight the kid began to bleat loudly; raising hopes that the leopard might come before dark and thus save me a sleepless night. I never take anyone up into the machan with me when I sit

up, for few natives can control themselves and keep quiet in moments of excitement, moreover the wild men (Bhils), who are the shikaris of those provinces, do not trouble water much for washing purposes, and are, in consequence, decidedly unpleasant companions at close quarters, especially as smoking is, of course, out of the question.

My hopes were not fulfilled, darkness coming without any signs of the leopard, and my little goat, tired out by his exertions, now composed himself to sleep. The moon was not due for a couple of hours but the stars gave quite a fair light, enough for me to be able to make out the outline of the other tree, so after taking a drink of strong, black coffee from my thermos, I settled down to watch, hoping that the leopard would not come before the moon rose. After some three-quarters-of-an-hour I became pretty sure that he would not come before the moon was up, for had he heard the bleating of the goat he would have come for it before then, so I allowed myself to relax a little.

It was a lovely, still, clear night, with not a cloud in the sky; a slight breeze cooled the air and made a gentle rustling in the dry leaves to match that made by the insects and rodents; occasionally some night-bird fluttered past. Several false alarms disturbed the night; the approach of a jackal soon after the appearance of the moon caused the goat to spring to its feet and rushing to the end of its tether bleat wildly, but even this failed to produce the leopard, and the hours dragged on wearily. Every now and then I cautiously changed my position to avoid cramp, but dawn came and ended another wasted night of watchfulness without any sign of the leopard.

The sun rose swiftly over the horizon, and deeming that there was no longer any chance of the leopard appearing, I leant back and yawned, being stiff and cramped from my long vigil. This action raised my eyes to the branches of the tree on the opposite side of the nullah, almost under which the goat was tethered, and a slight movement on one of the branches attracted my attention. It is foolish to neglect the precaution of always

Continued on a later page



THE SPORTING HONEYMOON

By Blanch

DEWAR'S



In that well-known bottle—for your own sideboard and cellar. In these rich brown Doulton flagons to send as seasonable gifts to your friends. In those convenient flasks for the pocket—to keep you warm on wintry journeys—to keep you well till summer comes again. In one and all these the same famous whisky. With its familiar name—Dewar's "White Label." Admirable choice! Wise in selecting your whisky—apt in the way you give it!

Wonderful Whisky ● WHITE LABEL



Old Lady (to Garrulous Neighbour): Is this a talkie, dearie, or is it only you?

By Norman Pett

Thus Said Calum the Keeper

"Ian Odhar slipped his right
hand under the pillow an'
drew out his dirk . . ."

THE RACE WITH THE ROY

By IAN COLVIN

"COME oot 'o that!" cried Calum, "for God's sake man come oot o' that!"

I was standing on a stone in a narrow place between rocks, casting what I thought was a long line.

The stone was a little island in a deep black lynn of the River Roy.

The Roy flows into the Spean, the Spean flows into the Lochy and the Lochy flows into the sea. But whereas the Lochy flows out of Loch Lochy, and the Spean flows out of Loch Laggan, the Roy has its source in the secret places of the hills, steep, bare, stony hills in the heart of Inverness-shire, in long, high, desolate Glen Roy.

I was casting a pretty line; but the fish were sullen like the weather and would not move. And now Calum was yammering at me from the rocks above and calling, "Come oot o' that! Domn ye, come oot o' that."

What had taken the man? He was excited out of all decorum.

Then I noticed that the clear black depths of the pool had become opaque and brown; dead birch leaves and twigs covered the surface and fouled my fly.

Calum was pointing up the river and gesticulating. He was certainly very angry about something. I had been standing on a dry stone; now it was wet, and suddenly I felt the water cold round my ankles.

"The Roy! The Roy!" Calum shouted. "For God's sake come oot o' that."

His words were drowned in a roar of many waters. It was like the charge of a wild beast. I made a leap for the bank. There was a noise behind me almost like

the snapping of teeth. Calum above me reached down the long handle of his gaff and by its aid I clambered up the side of the ravine. And just in time.

"The Roy's in spate," muttered Calum, "look behind ye!"

From side to side, six feet above my stone, the flood filled the narrow channel—a turbid foaming gush crested with bubbles, brown suds from the wash-tub of the mountains. A birch-tree sped past, turning roots up as its branches caught a rock below, and then a drowned sheep came swirling round and went shooting through the ravine.

"Yon's for Loch Linnhe," said Calum, grimly, "an' ye might hae been with her."

"But for you, Calum," I said gratefully.

"You can take no sort of liberties with the River Roy," the keeper continued. "There is only one river in all Scotland as dangerous to man, and that's the Findhorn. They'll pounce on ye like cats."

"And how is that, Calum?" I asked.

"Well ye see when there's a big loch like Loch Laggan or Loch Lochy it holds up the rain-water and regulates the floods; but beware o' a river that comes out o' the hills, for the rain runs down them as if they were the slates of a house."

I thought of those steep, bare, rocky hills of Glen Roy, scored with the parallel lines of ancient glaciers, and realized the truth of the observation. There were neither woods nor plains nor cultivated land to stop the rush of the floods down the hillsides into the stony channel.

"No joking with the Findhorn or jesting with the Roy!" said Calum. "Look yonder."

John Campbell

I looked up the glen and saw the source of the flood, a heavy black cloud from hill to hill, rumbling in its belly and shooting out angry flashes of fire, marching down upon us—terrible as an army with banners.

"I've saved ye from a droonin' and I'll save ye from a drookin," said the keeper.

Then we clambered along the ravine to a place of huge boulders which lay heaped together well above the stream, and crept through a birch-screened opening into a sort of shelf well sheltered by the tumbled crags. It looked as if it might in old days have been the lair of a wolf. There were red streaks as of rust along the cracks in the stones—a silent, black, secret, sinister place. "This," said Calum, "is Leabha Ian Odhar."

I looked out from our dry shelter at the rain leaping back in spray from the stricken stones.

"He had a good eye for a snug bed had Ian Odhar," I said.

"And well he might," continued my friend, "many an' many the days he lay up here when his enemies were searching the glen for him."

"He and the river must have grown very familiar with each other," said I, idly.

"Indeed they were," Calum replied with sudden energy, "the twa devils!"

I meditated on his words and on his tone. They held some hidden meaning.

"Would he be a Macdonald?" I asked cautiously.

"Na, na, there was nae occasion for a Macdonald to hide himself in Brae Lochaber."

We were indeed in an ancient fastness of that great clan or the branch of it that looked to Keppoch as their chief.

"What was he then?" I asked.

"What other Ian Odhar but Ian Campbell of Cra-nachan down there in the glen? 'Twas there he lived and deid many and many a year ago."

"A Campbell in Glen Roy?" I exclaimed. "How could a Campbell live in Glen Roy?"

I thought of the deep and ancient feud between those two great clans of the West. For a Campbell to live among the Macdonalds—that must have been difficult.

"Ye may well ask," the keeper replied, "but there was aye a wheen o' them in the Brae, and Ian they say was very handy to Keppoch."

"What Keppoch?" I asked, knowing something of that long and stormy line.

"I'm not rightly sure," Calum confessed. "It might hae been Alexander himsel', or it might hae been Coll o' the Cows, or it might hae been both, for Ian Odhar lived longer than he had any right to live, and deid an auld man in his bed."

I reflected that a Campbell's expectation of life in Lochaber could not have been very good in those old days.

"What was he doing in Briagach?" I asked.

"Well," replied Calum, "a gentleman like Ian Odhar might be very useful to a gentleman like Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch or Coll o' the Cows."

I remembered something from vagrant reading of these two seven-teenth-century caterans. Alexander—or so it was complained at the time—had been "gilty of open and manifest oppressioun, murther, slauchter, soirning, theft, resseit thair of, and other odious and capitall crymes," too numerous to mention, as, for example, "slauchter in Strathardle and Glenshee, slauchter in the town of Inverness, and the burning of the house of the Com-missary, fire-raising in Athole, burning the house of Neil Stewart Macgillechallum with John Dow Macgillechallum inside," and so forth.

So also with Coll o' the Cows, "whose inpastlyffe and conversatioun hes bene so lewde and violent in bloode, thift, reape, and oppressioun that to this hour he never randerit obedience."

The Privy Council of Edinburgh and the

other complainants might possibly have been prejudiced . . .

"When there were lands to be taken and cows to be taken there were lives to be taken," Calum continued, "and it would be very useful to the Chief to have a man handy that did not belong to his own clan."

"Of course," I said, beginning to perceive the sort of life that Ian Odhar must have led to live at all there in the heart of the country of the enemies of his people.

"If he did not do what he was told he had little to expect," said the keeper.



Newsboy: So that's wot you makes wif yer old whiskers, is it?

"A professional murderer?" I suggested with less than the tact that is customary in the Highlands.

"Well, they would not have put it in that way at that time," Calum replied; "but Keppoch was at war with the Mackintoshes, and the Mackenzies, and the Chisholms, and the Camerons, and the Campbells, and he had an arrangement with Campbell of Glen Orchy to take over the lands of the Macgregors of Rannoch, so there was a good deal to be done—this way and that."

"Indeed there was," I said.

"And there was a body from the south that came this way and challenged Keppoch to a race under the walls of his own castle," Calum went on. "The chief hardly knew what to do, for he could see by the way the lad ran that he would stand no chance against him; if he did not run he was shamed: if he ran he was beat."

"Then what did he do?" I asked.

"What could he do?" said Calum. "Naething but glower at the lad oot o' the windows o' his castle, and the lad laughin' at him!"

"And what came of it?"

"Well, Ian Odhar was clever enough to see how the land lay, and he offered to run a trial race with the stranger before the race with the chief. So they ran, and there was never sic a race in Lochaber since the world began. They were gaein' sic a gait: their kilts were flyin' oot behind their hurdies. Ian ran like a stag, but the other ran like the lass that was chased by the brollachan. The stranger was pu'in' ahead and was like to pass Ian in the last lap o' the race, when Ian drew back his elbow and gave the other sic a dunch across his hert that he dropped doon deid there in the Dail-nan-Ubhal."

"Hardly playing the game," said I.

"There was nae rule to any game in Lochaber at that time," said Calum, "and it pleased the Laird fine."

"Yon's my man," said Keppoch, "Campbell or no Campbell."

"So he went on pleasing the Laird," I suggested.

"He was at it a' his life," the keeper replied.

"Whoever was an enemy of Keppoch was an enemy of Ian Odhar, and ye ken fine what that meant—Mackintoshes and Macphersons and Campbells and Camerons and MacDougalls and the like. He would kill a Campbell although he was a Campbell himself. He killed his ain brother-in-law over a puckle barley that the cattle had taken; but that to be sure was at his wife's instigation. She was aye thraipin' about it. Enemies o' the laird's, enemies o' his ain, they were a' the same to Ian Odhar."

"So he killed a good many in his day."

"He killed a wheen," said Calum, "and they say he got sour about it in his latter days. For he took a sort of pride in reckoning the folk that he had killed, and it was a grief to him that, however many they were, the River of Roy went one better."

"The Roy," I exclaimed in horror.

"What else?" said Calum. "It was a race between the Roy and Ian Odhar. Ian would shoot a man in the winter and the Roy would droon a man in the spring. They

say Ian used to lie up here and talk to the river as if it had been a rival, and rave against it for beating him at his ain game. Whiles he thought he had got ahead of it; but the river took its time and the next flood there would be a corp washing past Inveroy into the Spean. Aye, it's a dangerous river, the Roy."

I thought with a shudder of the swift, stealthy leap it had made at me half-an-hour before.

"Ian worked awa', killing a man here and a man there as he found occasion; but it was never easy, and as he got on in life it was sairer wark than ever; but the river never tired. Whiles it brought doon a boy that had been guddlin' for troot in ain o' its burns, and whiles a shepherd or an auld tinkler it had caught crossin' the hill, and aince a lassie with a wean wrapped up in her plaid—but they say the lassie drooned hersel'."

"Ian Odhar paid a visit to Inverness and did verra well in some sort of a row over a kebbuck o' cheese, and he thought he had got well ahead of the Roy; but there were two horses and carts crossing a ford on the Roy ae month o' September. The river was low when the first horse took the water, but it caught the second horse and cart with a load of harvesters in it, and whummelt them ower and drooned them a'. And that nearly took the hert oot o' Ian Odhar."

"Well, the man never came up to the river, and when he was lying on his death-bed he reckoned that if he had killed twenty the Roy had killed twenty-one, which vexed him sair. He was an auld man by that time, and weak and wasted and grey, an' folk didna' like to be about him, for he was an unco' sort of an auld bodach, a fearsome auld tyke, aye mutterin' tae himsel'."

"When he was almost in the article o' death he sent for his auld friend Keppoch, and the laird came inby, thinking nae doot that he micht hae some sort o' testamentary disposition, for the Chief was his only friend in the world at that time. Well, Keppoch stood by the bed and began to give his auld cronie sic hope o' heaven as a man may at sic a time."

"Then Ian Odhar raised himself upon his left elbow and beckoned the laird to bend over him. And aye as Keppoch bent, the auld man would say, 'A bit nearer, laird, a bit nearer!'"

"So Keppoch bent over him close to hear his dyin' wish; but Ian Odhar slipped his right hand under the pillow an' drew oot his dirk an' made a stab at the laird. Keppoch jumped back as quick as you jumped off that stone; but there was an unco' gash in the left lapel o' his coat."

"Then Ian Odhar girmed like a cat. 'The Roy wins,' he said, and with that he fell back deid."

The storm had passed while Calum was talking. A rainbow made a bridge of radiant colours over the glen, bright rain-drops hung on the birches like jewels in a lady's ear. The water of the River of Roy was already clearing and bright in the sunshine. A raven came down out of the blue sky, settled on a dead tree over the stream, then seeing us, flew off with a hoarse croak.

"He'll be lookin' for a sheep in the river," said Calum, "there are few folk hereabout nowadays."



"I didn't marry for money or position; I married for sympathy"
"Well, dear, you have mine!"

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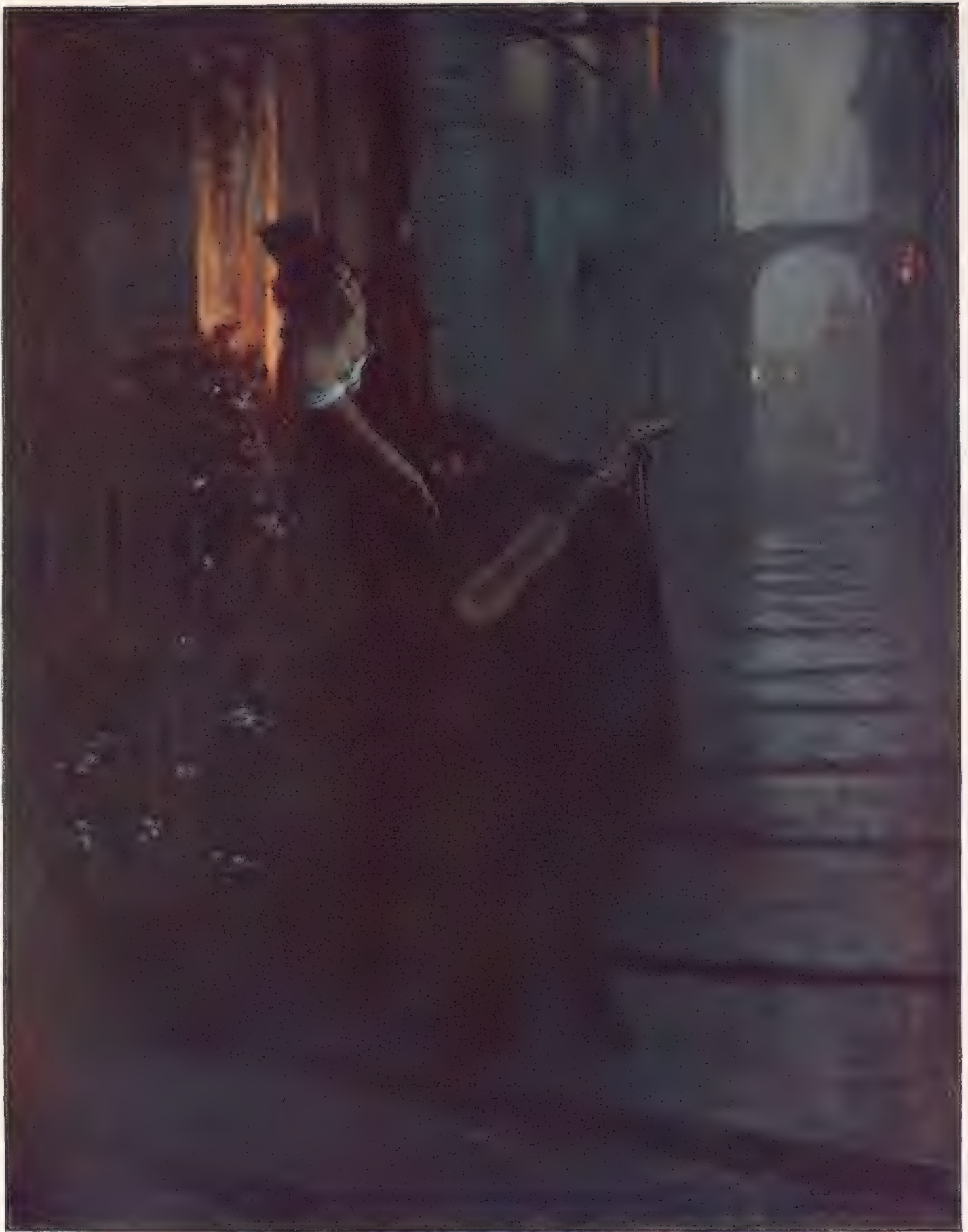
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WHEN THE NEW YEAR COMES

As the clock strikes twelve—the first foot

By A. K. Macdonald

Social Engagements

(Continued from page 5)

sort," she remarked. "Oh, indeed. Yes. Thank you. H'ng! Now I know." Corn-crake.

"Is she as bad as all that?" asked Joe. "What did she do?"

"I have no desire to discuss persons of that sort in this drawing-room," said Mrs. King-Pope.

"All the same," protested Joe, "it seems a trifle hard to condemn her and my friend for knowing her and me for having a friend who knows her and my niece for having an uncle who has a friend who knows her, without giving me just an inkling of what she's done."

"I have no doubt you know as well as I do," said Mrs. King-Pope. "She was a participant in a notorious probate action."

"Oh? You mean—co-respondent in a big divorce case?"

"A notorious probate action," said Mrs. King-Pope.

Well, there was the situation as plain as could be. He was dated to meet Camille next evening. But if Mrs. King-Pope caught him at it—or even heard through some devilish agency that he'd been at it—she'd cut Alan off with a bob rather than let him marry Priscilla. Priscilla was his niece, his ward, his god-child. His duty towards her was clear. He must either chuck the idea of seeing Camille or take dashed good care how he set about it. As a conscientious man he decided without hesitation which of the two it should be. He would take dashed good care how he set about it.

Meanwhile things had not gone too smoothly at the licensed *tête-à-tête* in the morning-room. Priscilla had endured the tyrannical sneers of her hostess at dinner, but she left the table with eyes dangerously bright and with indignation audible in her breathing. She let Alan have it. Quite right too.

"How could you sit there, cowed and mute, and listen, without a syllable of protest, while I was having the hide tanned off me by this old harridan?"

The handsome, spineless youth could merely "s'sh" and "tut-tut," and admit in an awed whisper that he knew his aunt was rather difficult and that she was opposed to anyone except Lord Buckhurst's daughter, but that Priscilla must understand that he couldn't possibly afford to offend auntie; so, patience, and all would be well. All of which cut very little ice.

"If I marry you," said Priscilla, "it won't be because of this horrible old aunt of yours and her money. It'll be in spite of them. You say you must have oof. Are you incapable of making any oof for yourself?"

"No, but much the easiest way is to keep in with auntie."

"Then I should go broke pretty quick, I can tell you that," said Priscilla. "Anyone can see she made up her mind beforehand that I'd got to be turned down. Well, perhaps it's mutual."

She regretted hurting him, and had a shy whisper of apology for him with her morning kiss. Alan, however, who had gone to bed hurt and resentful, accepted this in a self-satisfied, "so I should hope" sort of way, which failed to improve matters at all. Joe, innocent of any rift in his niece's affairs, and intent, it is to be feared, on matters of more personal concern to himself, breakfasted early and set forth on a scouting expedition. Bert Puddle, among much that was incoherent, had mentioned a short cut between the Court and the road by the bungalow. This short cut might prove useful and must be studied. Not that he would risk being seen near the bungalow in daylight. But he'd jolly well find out the quickest way to get there in the dark.

Mrs. King-Pope's morning toilet was a ritual of prolonged and fearsome privacy. By the time a wilted lady's-maid had hauled and harnessed her into shape her car had returned from the station with Lord Buckhurst.

His lordship had not the least intention of spending Christmas at the Court. But the fact of the matter was

that, on first hearing of Priscilla, Mrs. King-Pope had launched her ambitious project concerning the honourable daughter at the head of Lord Buckhurst, and had invited him to come and discuss it. And he, finding it rather difficult to acquaint Mrs. King-Pope tactfully in a letter with the well-known facts about his honourable daughter and the racecourse trainer, had decided to call and squelch the old lady's ardour by diplomatic word of mouth.

On arrival he was received by the pontifical butler, and by him alone. Joe was still busily engaged in his reconnaissance of the cow-fields. Alan was sulking in a gun-room. Mrs. King-Pope was still being hoisted and hooked into working order upstairs. So Lord Buckhurst was shown into the morning-room, where he found a very attractive girl sitting dry-eyed but disillusioned amid the ruins of her romance. Lord Buckhurst had a quick eye for beauty in distress. He studied Priscilla with a speculative smile, dropped a monocle, and shut the door.

Priscilla was in an impetuous mood. Moreover Lord Buckhurst had a way with him. He was still in the forties—a good specimen of that moribund cult, the man about town. His taste in check suitings, his haberdashery, and his placid and dawdling air indicated strongly the part of town he was a man about. He was still officially attached, but his wife found it necessary to spend most of her time in Cannes for the benefit of her health, which was regularly and gratuitously drunk by assiduous gigolos.

In five minutes Lord Buckhurst had heard Priscilla's tale of woe. In ten, with her hand in his, he had shared her opinion of Mrs. King-Pope and had ventured the opinion that Alan was really an insufferable young prig. In fifteen, with his arm round her, he had persuaded her that it was simply fatal for a girl to go blinding into matrimony without one or two preliminary experiences of what he judiciously described as its technique. Mrs. King-Pope was heard coming downstairs after twenty minutes and, by all the virgin priestesses of the Vestal fire, about time too.

"Go gently, my child," said Lord Buckhurst, as he left Priscilla's side and assumed a nonchalant attitude in front of the fire. "Don't go and have a bust-up with the boy at once. Ease out of the affair gently. I'll help you. Ah, my dear Mrs. King-Pope! Good morning, and how do you do? and merry Christmas."

Under the spell of his good nature the whole party perked up into a state bordering on cordiality. Even Alan, who had been rehearsing an ultimatum in the gun-room, found his Priscilla melted into sweet complacency. The day passed very pleasantly. The weather experts had predicted greatly improved conditions, and a thick and steady drizzle, involved by fog, was going on outside, but indoors Lord Buckhurst kept everyone in good spirits. Mrs. King-Pope addressed herself exclusively to him, and consequently became almost gracious.

She pinned him down after lunch to discuss the engagement question but found him rather evasive. "My dear lady—there's this other little girl. I never knew about her."

"Pooh," said Mrs. King-Pope. "She's impossible for Alan. Surely you agree with me on that point?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I think I do. But I think they'll very soon agree about that themselves. There won't be any need for you to issue vetoes about it, believe me."

"Yes, but you know I have my ideas about your daughter."

"So have I," said Lord Buckhurst. "We can hardly discuss her at this stage. In fact the less we say about her the better."

"Well, this attachment of Alan's must be broken off at once."

"H'm. That's rather outside my province, isn't it?"

"Ah, but you are so diplomatic, Lord Buckhurst. Will you drop a hint to Alan?"

Lord Buckhurst smiled and shrugged. "Well, anything to oblige *you*. I'll see what I can do about it."

Throughout the afternoon Joe became perceptibly restless. A 5.30 he suddenly bounced up, announced a startling desire for exercise, and was into his mackintosh and out of the house before anyone had a chance either to stop or to accompany him.

Hurrah. He'd got away with it. The rain, the fog had doubled in intensity, but what cared he? Magnificent. He felt quite young again and romantic and everything. Camille. Camille.

Prudence though. In a beastly little country place like this, a hive of gossip, he might be spotted making for the bungalow even in the fog. He must stick to that short cut. Well, he knew it by heart. Through the first gate on the left, then across two meadows with styles into a larger meadow with cows. Then over a plank bridge, and the footpath from there led you straight on to the road by the bungalow.

With feet winged with the impetuosity of glorious anticipation he trotted and occasionally slid his gallant way. He did not even trouble to open the gate, but scrambled over it like a schoolboy, landing heavily in 6 in. of mire. Dash it, he ought to have thought of that after all this rain. Now which way across the field? If only he'd been less excited and thought a bit and brought a torch. Never mind, he could strike matches. Where were his matches? He had to open his mackintosh to find them—of course the heavens would choose to open lustily at that moment. And there was an ominous rattle about the matchbox he didn't like the sound of. There couldn't be more than six matches to light him all the way to the bungalow. Besides, ass that he was to think he could possibly keep matches alight for more than two seconds in this weather. If only he'd thought a bit less about the end and a bit more about the means. Never mind. The end was marvellous. Camille. Camille.

Thus he beat his path across the fields to and over the stiles, and at length to the wooden plank which ran across the stream bordering the penultimate meadow. He could see the light of the bungalow from the plank, which was not, perhaps, all for the best, for the plank was narrow and slippery as ice. Moreover the fog just here was, for some ridiculous reason, almost pure blanket. Joe groped, slithering, across the horrid bridge—stumbled—clutched instinctively at the blackness and felt, to his quick relief, his hand close over some yielding but solid instrument of Providence held out to support him. What hand in need was this? Good Lord, it was none. It was a tail.

The cow, as startled as her aggressor, let Providence down pretty badly. She uttered a craven moo, plunged, and with a deft upper-cut of the off rear leg caught Joe a perfect peach on the seat of the mackintosh.

The waters of the brook were deepish, very cold, and almost incredibly insipid to the taste. Joe scrambled to the bank, rehearsing a spluttering list of things to tell the cow, who was, however, by this time out of earshot.

Within the roseate sitting-room of the bungalow sat Camille, languidly robed in some clinging garment appropriate to romance. Jade earrings bobbed deliciously at her cheekbones. She wore, too, a pensive smile, brightening at times as though at the thought of renewing for a passing hour her fore-sworn acquaintance with the easy pleasures of the past. She was tall and dark and even in her voluntary exile very heedful of her appearance. It seemed clear that should she succeed in

retracting the virtuous motives that had driven her from London she was capable of staging a fairly effective come-back.

She rose suddenly, swept to the front door of the bungalow, stooped and listened. Voices echoed from the outer darkness.

"Wull, if so be you be so wet, maybe you best get dry. Thur be a fire in my cottage."

"No, blast you—thanks very much; but do leave me alone, curse it. Many thanks. Get out, will you? I'm going in here I keep telling you, confound you. Thanks all the same."



MR. BEN TRAVERS

An Autori impression of the author of series of theatrical successes, each perhaps but equally each a little gem of humour made the entrance to the Aldwych Theatre "Dippers" was produced at the Criterion, but from "A Cuckoo in the Nest" to "A Night Like This" the Aldwych has been the home of all Mr. Ben Travers' wonderful little plays

AUTORI

this story and of an astounding a first cousin of its predecessor in itself. Mr. Ben Travers has the "ever-open door." "The

"Ah, but thur be a leddy live thur. You be in a foine state o' durrt."

"All right, all right, I know what I'm doing. Much obliged, but go to blazes."

The bungalow door was opened. Joe hastily closed it behind him. Bert Puddle scratched his neck and gathered his wits. The gent hailed, as he knew, from the Court. If left in his present state he would undoubtedly contract pneumonia. Bert knew him to be an open-handed gent who would surely reward an act of succour. What about going to the Court, getting him a change of clothes from there, and returning to the bungalow with them? Bert beat himself about the thighs a bit, thus registering rustic resolution, and hastened towards the meadows.

"Camille!"

Joe shook the greeting from him with all the quavering sentiment of the tenor hero. He shot out both arms to her with a strange squelching sound. Spray shot from him on all sides.

She backed, staring wildly at him, into the sitting-room. He followed, wetting the place freely with his passionate gestures, and emitting deep-sea noises from his feet. In the sitting-room doorway he halted, striking an attitude of dumb appeal. There were weeds in his eyebrows. Suddenly Camille sank back on her sofa and laughed till she cried. Alas! for romance.

The pontifical butler entered the drawing-room, presenting a restrained impersonation of a messenger bearing tidings of woe in Attic tragedy. Mrs. King-Pope and Alan were discovered. Lord Buckhurst had very amiably been discussing cars with Priscilla, and had invited her to show him her sports model in the garage.

"A villager, madam, has called with news of Mr. Blundell Blew," said the butler. "It appears that the gentleman in question has fallen into a ditch."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. King-Pope. "Is it suggested that I shall go and pull him out?"

"No, madam. But I am told Mr. Blundell Blew has got very saturated," said Pontifex. "He is now in the bungalow just outside the village, occupied, I understand, by a Miss Poole."

Mrs. King-Pope took breath and released her most triumphant corn-crake noise on record.

"Now I know," she said to Alan, "why he questioned me about that woman last night." She flashed at the butler: "Does he know that word of this has been brought here?"

"I understand not, madam. I rather gather that the villager come here out of his own head."

Secondary corn-crake. "Order my car at once," said Mrs. King-Pope. "Come with me," she commanded Alan.

"Shall I tell the others?" asked Alan.

"Certainly not. There is no occasion to inform Lord Buckhurst that he has been invited to be the fellow guest of a voluptuary."

Camille knocked at the door of her bed-room. "Have you had your hot bath?" she inquired.

"Yes. I'm in here. I've got your dressing-gown on. It's frightfully thin."

"Well, you'll have to wait a bit. Your clothes aren't nearly dry yet."

"But it's cold. This fire of yours is rather dud. I'm absolutely shivering."

"If you want to keep warm you'd better get into bed."

"What? D'you mean that?"

"Yes. There's no one to see. Go on. Get in. I'll bring you your clothes when I've got them dry."

"This all seems awfully tame," murmured Joe, getting into bed.

When he stood and surveyed the bungalow on the previous evening it looked interesting. Warm lights showed through the crannies of the curtained windows. As Mrs. King-Pope, furred to the eyes, descended from

her car, she too noticed the crannies. The ravenous hankering after scandal can defeat the dignity even of a King-Pope. To Joe, sitting in the sheets winsomely clad in a floral dressing-gown of seductive silk, there was borne from close outside his window the note of some wild fowl of the meadows, seeking cover, no doubt, against the cruel weather.

A minute later the bungalow was full of knockings. Camille, whatever might have been her original plans for the evening, was conscious now only of complete innocence of motive. Why should she fear being detected in her guileless rescue work of the drying of clothes? She opened the front-door instinctively. With a sort of impressionistic barn-yard scurry Mrs. King-Pope fluttered past her and flung open the door of the bed-room.

Joe, staring aghast, bereft of speech, and vainly trying to make the floral dressing-gown meet across an acre of chest, could only sit up in bed and accept as big a verbal hiding as man can be expected to receive without retaliation. Mrs. King-Pope advanced quite near the bed in her zeal. Camille followed close behind her, shrill with unheeded protest. Alan remained rooted insignificantly to the front door-step.

"Satyr," cried Mrs. King-Pope, "I guessed last night you had some assignation with this wanton woman. So you would abuse my hospitality to come and encourage her to besmirch the moral tone of Nether Burtlewater. Don't you dare show your face near my house again; I will have your loathsome luggage dumped at the door of this dissipated drab. As for your niece, thank Heaven it did not take me long to discover the kind of guardian she has been dragged up by. Guardian, indeed, my sakes, you chartered libertine. Goat—goat of a man!"

This and more, punctuated by hopeless "How-dare-you's" and "Get-out's" from Camille; till with a final vituperative "Blue Beard" at the head of Joe, Mrs. King-Pope pulled off a flaming and door-slamming exit.

"Give me my clothes," said Joe. "Never mind if they're wet. What a ghastly hash I've made of this. That poor dear little girl, Priscilla. I've ruined her hopes."

"Yes, don't worry about me," said Camille.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry and all that, but it's Priscilla. That old witch was quite right; a nice guardian I've turned out. Poor little girl, how can I ever make amends? I'll go and wait outside that blasted Court until she gets fired out and then take her back to town and do all I can to comfort her."

"This exile stunt doesn't seem altogether a success," said Camille. "You'll probably see me back in town before long."

But Joe appeared to have lost his enthusiasm for this prospect. "Probably be in exile myself by that time," he mumbled. "Leave me, d'you mind? I want to get out of bed."

Still practically on fire, Mrs. King-Pope regained the hall of the Court and summoned the butler. "Now for this girl," she hissed at Alan. She shot a commanding index finger at the parquet beneath her as she ordered Priscilla to be fetched.

"Madam," said the butler in his most papal tones, "no sooner had you left the house than the young lady packed up and went off to London in her car with Lord Buckhurst."

"With Lord Buckhurst?" shrilled Mrs. King-Pope.

"Great Scot!" cried Alan. "What for? I mean, for how long?"

"From a remark I happened to overhear," said the butler, "I gather that she intends spending Christmas with his lordship."

Mrs. King-Pope stared blindly before her. The dreadful truth of the matter leapt to her mind and involuntarily to her lips.

"Gone with Lord Buckhurst!" she said. "Then—oh, to think of it! She must have been quite an eligible young woman all the time."



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A Judge of Horses

(Continued from p. 14)

the pigs they have killed and the tigers they have shot, and what a pukka sahib everybody was who happened to be dead.

In the summer Simla, Pondicherry, etc., were let to careful tenants who were willing to pay for the privilege of living in houses that were mainly furnished with Benares brassware, bead curtains, and Indian screens.

Colonel Bridges had never been in the Indian Army. He had got his colonelcy in the Great War when he was in control of a clothing department. It was his boast that he had "done his bit." He never forgave young men who had been at school in those perilous days (he himself had lived through hell owing to the mysterious disappearance of 5,000 trousers—soldiers—khaki, from a store), and had only one word to describe any man who had failed his country in "Her Hour of Need."

"Slacker, sir! Slacking at home, sir! A young man like you, sir!"

In vain did the delinquent plead that in 1914 he had been in the care of a nursery governess.

"I was fifty when I joined up, sir. Dammit! It makes my blood boil to see you Cuthberts hiding yourselves behind your nursery governesses' petticoats."

Anyway, he was a colonel, and had a big house and 300 acres, kennels, ideas about hygiene, and Saporino.

Of Saporino he was even more proud than of his daughter, his big house, his 300 acres, his kennels, and his ideas about hygiene.

The Colonel often told the story of how he had found Saporino pulling a milk-cart, had instantly recognized the "blood" in him, had "got" the animal for a mere song and had put him into training. His false-hearted kennelman as frequently told the story of how he found Saporino pulling a milk-cart, had told the Colonel who went down to the promenade and, picking on the wrong milk-cart, had bought a pony that was absolutely valueless for any other purpose than pulling a milk-cart; but the fact remained that Saporino by Mottled Soap, dam's pedigree unknown, came eventually into the possession of the Colonel. It was a matter of history that in three weeks he won the Novices Hurdle race at Ludlow, a Maiden Hurdle at Chelmsford, and was second to High and Dry in a Novices Steeplechase at Sandown Park.

He was trained by Bates of Chalkham, and the Colonel wore out the country between Chalkham and Whisbury in his superintending of Saporino's preparation. The horse thrived under his supervision, but the trainer would have become a nervous wreck if he had taken the slightest notice of his employer.

The Colonel might have tolerated Mr. Mortimor but for the crowning error of that gentleman; he was the owner of High and Dry. He owned one or two other horses, but to Colonel Bridges his principal

offence lay in the fact that he allowed such a horse as High and Dry to live, and whenever he was not engaged in telling Frank that he was a slacker who had deserted his country in the hour of her need, he was saying things about High and Dry which would have boiled the blood of that ingenious thoroughbred but for the fact that he was naturally of a cool and phlegmatic disposition.

"You shouldn't have won. Of course you couldn't have won! Your infernal hair-trunk fouled Saporino two fences from home. . . . Don't tell me it isn't true—I saw it! Am I blind, sir? Not so blind that I was not accepted to serve my country in the hour of her need. No, sir, you fouled me!"

"My jockey—" pleaded Frank.

"You fouled me," said the Colonel firmly. "You tried to ride me over the wing. You knocked me sideways as I was coming out to take my place; you jumped across me at the last fence. If the stewards had been English gentlemen you would have been disqualified. If they had not been blind, sir—they are blind, sir—you would have been warned off. I am willing to match Saporino against your hair-trunk for a thousand sovereigns."

He never referred to High and Dry except as a hair-trunk. Happily, High and Dry was impervious to insult, and anyone would not have recognized himself under that name.

A few days before the misadventure which ruined a perfectly good pair of tweed plus-fours—and it isn't so funny being chased by underbred dogs as some of these comic artists pretend it is—the Colonel had issued his challenge for the *n*th time. It was in the club, and it was thrown over a Chota peg or, alternatively, a whisky and soda, before every other colonel in the club, and Frank had replied deferentially:

"I quite agree, Colonel, I think I was very lucky to win. Certainly I don't want to beat your horse again."

"I should jolly well say you wouldn't," said the Colonel, and added, almost unnecessarily: "I should jolly well say you wouldn't!"

Mr. Mortimor knew that he was being a hypocrite and a liar; he believed that High and Dry could give Saporino a stone and lose him. He believed his horse could make rings round Saporino and, if necessary, oblongs and parallelograms. He believed that if he matched his horse at level weights against Saporino, bookmakers would refuse to pay. After all, there is a limit to every bookmaker's sense of benevolence. He had never been so challenged or had heard a more disparaging remark about High and Dry, but he did not offer a sycophantic agreement.

It was unfortunate that both horses were more or less in the same class; more unfortunate that they were generally entered for the same race, because it meant that, for peace and quietness' sake,



"BROADCASTING!"

An excellent photo-picture by Evansmith of Hollywood, California, which was in the 1930 International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

High and Dry never ran, though he had one or two races at his mercy, and the Colonel used to greet Francis in the High Street or on the golf links or at the club with a sneer.

"I see you are not running that hair-trunk of yours. By gad, you are wise!"

And Mr. Frank Mortimor used to smile sadly, and even the fact that Saparino invariably finished down the course after his initial display of brilliance did not cheer him.

They walked slowly up the long hill leading to Cliff Head, the girl and the young man, with their four-footed chaperon ambling behind them, occasionally stopping to exchange a few angry words with dogs of smaller stature, and never once getting into the way of taxicabs and motor-cars, which were fairly plentiful.

He was a desperate young man and in a dangerous mood. His trainer had telephoned him that morning, with tears in his voice, begging him not to scratch High and Dry for a small steeplechase at Gatwick, and Frank had recklessly determined that the horse should run.

Mr. Bates and Mr. Tookes met to discuss a plan of campaign.

"Costyermore is in a race," began Mr. Bates.

"Call him Saparino," said Mr. Tookes, and added, dramatically and untruthfully: "Walls have ears."

"Well, he's in this Gatwick race. I put him in the seller. I can get all the money in the world on him on Friday, and we ought to make a killing."

"What about this horse of Mortimor's?" asked Tookes.

Mr. Bates smiled.

"Don't make me laugh," he said. "Every time we've run against him our horse has had his head pulled off. Natty Andrews rides."

Now, a lot of money can be taken out of the bookmakers' offices if a coup is cleverly organized, and Mr. Tookes was a great organizer. He had opened accounts all over the country, and an hour before the race he superintended the despatch of some six hundred telegrams, all of which supported Saparino for a small amount.

He did not go near the race-course; Mr. Bates attended to that side of the business. He was ably assisted by the Colonel, who did everything except ride the horse.

Frank Mortimor had no doubt as to the result. He went down with Mr. Ferdinand Marsh, a friend of his, who was on a brief visit from Paris.

Now, Mr. Marsh was, by all standards, a fool, but he had one great gift; he knew horses apart. The difference between one horse and another was as distinct to him as the difference between a tall, dark man and a blue-eyed milkmaid, and, watching the preliminary canter, he gasped.

"What horse is that?" he asked.

"That is Saparino," said Frank, with a wry smile.

"He belongs to a—um—the parent of a friend of mine."

Ferdinand Marsh fixed his glasses on the animal.

"Saparino be blowed!" he said. "That is a horse called Costyermore. He belonged to one of the biggest rogues in Australia."

"He won't beat mine," said Frank with confidence.

"Yours won't see the way he goes," said Mr. Marsh and plunged into the ring.

Saparino won by twenty lengths. The judge said it was ten, but he hadn't a board with twenty on it.

Ferdie came back, jubilant.

"It's no business of mine," he said dishonestly. "I should, of course, go to the stewards and tell them all about it. But charity, old boy, begins at home."

Frank was perturbed.

"Do you seriously mean that this horse is what they call a ringer?"

Ferdie nodded. Then he caught sight of Mr. Bates hurrying towards the unsaddling ring and button-holed him, and Mr. Bates, who knew him slightly, wilted.

"You infernal scoundrel——" he began.

Mr. Bates stared at him for a moment, wrenched himself free, and ran. In moments of crisis he invariably did the wrong thing.

"I suppose I must go and tell these bat-eyed stewards the truth," said Ferdie, but an agitated young man detained him.

"If you do," he said, "there's going to be trouble for the Colonel. The dear old gentleman will be warned off, and we can't allow that."

They walked to a quiet corner of the paddock and Frank told his companion the cause of his embarrassment. They were going slowly back to the enclosure when the infuriated Colonel came striding towards them.

"Where's that infernal villain?" he said. "This horse has been sold! Going into Lambury's stable—three hundred and twenty-guineas!"

He knew nothing about selling races; he had not realized that a horse that wins an event of this character is immediately sold by public auction, and whilst he

was receiving the congratulations of his friends the tragedy had happened; the horse had gone out of his possession.

To buy it back from Mr. Lambury was an impossibility. Frank offered fabulous sums to that phlegmatic young trainer, but each increased sum was received with a smile and a shake of the head. Lambury's patrons were rich; the winter favourite for the Derby was in his stable. Money, as he said, a little sententiously, was no object.

That night Ferdie and Mr. Mortimor conspired together in Frank's little flat in Half Moon Street.

"I've seen the Colonel and he's in a terrible state. He says that if he's warned off he'll lose his O.B.E. and everything. He's willing to do anything."

"Did you ask him for the girl?" said Ferdinand romantically.

"No, but he's going to poison the dog. This horse must be got out of England before they discover the truth about him—and I'm going to get him out."

Lambury's stables were on Salisbury Plain. Frank knew them well; a straggling collection of wooden sheds, very easily accessible. He went down the next day and pursued cautious inquiries. He saw the horse, sheeted and hooded, brought back, and through a pair of field glasses saw it stabled in the most isolated of the buildings. There had been coughing in the stable he learned from a tout, and those horses that had escaped the malady



Lady (at picture show): "Have you managed to secure any of the works?"

The other: "Oh, no, we never buy ready-made paintings"



SLEEPING BEAUTIES

By C. Ambler

Lunch for Four

(Continued from p. 9)

body attracted her, and she fell for him with a crash. But even then she was clear-headed enough to realize that it was a purely physical crash; and often when she lay in his arms, tired and still, vowing that she loved him and him only, she knew she was playing a game. In her heart she was aware that Edward mattered more to her than anything in the world, with all his defects.

On Saturday morning at half-past twelve, with a good deal of fuss and commotion, Edward left for Scotland in a taxi.

Ten minutes later Muriel went to the club and found Keith waiting for her. They went in to lunch.

The only other people in the dining-room were Delia, Barbara, and Gordon Bartley in one corner, and Edward and Florrie Tulip in another!

Muriel grasped the situation in a flash.

Delia caught hold of Muriel as she passed. "Darling," she said, "observe your husband's bit!"

Muriel laughed. "That's that patient of his who wants me to start a hat shop with her. I told you about her the other day. I've come here to be introduced."

"How dull," grumbled Delia. "I thought we'd caught the impeccable Edward out."

With her world crumbling into a thousand fragments, Muriel took Keith up to her husband's table and came to the point at once.

"To shut those two chatter-boxes up, we'll lunch together," she said. "Introduce us, Edward."

Edward, thoroughly shaken, obeyed, and while the waiters were laying two more places she said to him in an undertone, "Mr. Mitford's not in the least like what I imagined him to be!"

"If it comes to that," he answered, "Aunt Ethel has changed a good deal in the last six months! What will you have for lunch?"

"Well, as it's probably the last meal you'll ever stand me let's make it an expensive one, and start with a dozen oysters each."

Edward could not help admiring Muriel's apparent calm and her command of the situation. He looked at Keith and thought, "Why, in God's name, has she fallen for this frightful bounder?"

Muriel, for her part, was silently praying that each oyster would stay swallowed. She stared at Florrie, and thought, "I've always been told that men stick to one type; but Edward is apparently the exception. If he really likes that sort of thing, why has he stood me all these years?"

"So," she said to Florrie, "you and Edward are running away together. No, waiter, no potatoes, thank you, too fattening."

"We're only going away for a short holiday," Edward explained.

"A faintly compromising one, isn't it?"

"Well, what about you two?"

Keith broke in and said, "I hope you'll divorce Muriel

as soon as possible. I love her desperately and I can't live without her."

"She's delightful to live with," Edward said politely.

"Listen to that Keith! My husband is giving me a good press!" She went on, "And now that fate has gathered us four together on the threshold of our new lives, we can be of great service to each other. I will give Miss Tulip a few hints on how to please Edward, and Edward shall do the same for Keith."

The potential co-respondents shuffled uneasily in their chairs.

"My almost late husband," she began, "is a very busy man and you won't see much of him; but when he does put in an appearance he expects to be entertained. Of course you play golf and tennis?"

"I'm afraid I'm no good at outdoor games," faltered Miss Tulip.

"Pity," murmured Muriel. "What about indoor ones such as bridge and cross-word puzzles?"

"I never could understand cross-word puzzles, and I've no head for cards."

"In fact, there's only one indoor game you understand," she said, "and the fun of that wears off after a bit."

"What a common woman," Miss Tulip thought, but in self-defence she said, "There's one thing I'm crazy about, and that's dancing."

Muriel turned to her husband with a smile and said to him, "I advise you to get yourself safely married before you take your lady on the ball-room floor, or you may lose her!"

His terpsichorean efforts had always been a joke amongst their friends.

"Oh, and by the way," she said to Miss Tulip, "you simply mustn't paint your nails that colour. Edward loathes it. And I'm afraid I've taught him that Trèfle Incarnat isn't used any more. Now Chanel 5 . . ."

Miss Tulip got up abruptly; this was too much. She said to Edward, "Let's go now. I am going to powder my nose

and I will meet you downstairs."

She left without saying "Good-bye" to anyone, and Edward turned to Muriel and said, "Where have you parked the car?"

"In the Square."

"I left my favourite pipe in it this morning. I'll walk along with you and get it."

"All right," she said, and then to Keith, "look after Miss Cowslip—sorry, Tulip. We'll be back in three minutes."

They walked in silence to the car. Muriel got in and started the engine.

"Darling," said Edward, "although you don't know it, you've taken a house near Arundel. May I come down there with you for my holiday?"

She slipped in the clutch. "Near a golf links?"

He nodded.

"All right, hop in," she said.

Half-way down Piccadilly she put her hand lightly on his arm and said with a smile—

"God, how angry they'll be!"



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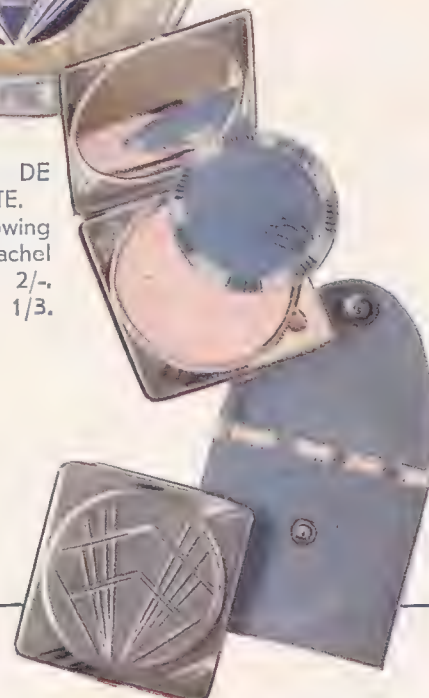


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By Gordon Nicoll

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THE SUPPLIANT

From the picture by A. B. Simpson, R.I.

When Elephants Fly

(continued from p. 30)

member of Astley's company, and then set up a show of his own close at hand in fierce and embittered rivalry. He sailed for St. Petersburg with bloodstock to improve the breed of the Imperial stables; he lingered there because his handsome face, stalwart body, and pleasing manner won the susceptible heart of Catherine the Great. He gained permission to perform before her, and for his sake circuses were added to the palaces of both St. Petersburg and Moscow. Other trick-riders crossed the Atlantic. The first was Ricketts. He performed before George Washington. On the return voyage he foundered with all his horses and men.

Almost as soon as these voyagers landed on foreign soil rivals were making ready to imitate them. In France there was Antoine Franconi, who, somewhat singularly for a trick-rider, was born in the peculiarly horseless city of Venice. In 1758, when he was twenty, his father killed a senator in a duel and was condemned to death, with confiscation of his estate. The son, an exile, tried to earn his living as a physician in France. This failing, he applied for the post of tamer in a menagerie, walked at once into the lions' den, was seized by the arm in fangs that left their mark to the end of his days—and yet subdued the beasts. At short notice he turned bull-fighter. Directly fashion changed he trained a horse for the first time in his life and became a trick-rider. That enabled him to join the company of Astley in Paris. Then the Revolution broke out. When the bloodshed ceased Franconi presented patriotic spectacles which highly gratified the martial ardour aroused by the Republic's first years of victory and won him Napoleon's regard. It was Franconi who invented the circus "caravan," and it was through him that all the sawdust rings of every country in the world are now exactly thirteen metres in diameter. When he died in 1836, at the age of ninety-eight, his pupils had marked out the showman's long lane round the world, a lane unlike all other lanes because it has no ending.

Even these early fathers of the show, however, fire our imagination less than Andrew Ducrow, the cockney son of a "Flemish Hercules" who was born at the Nag's Head, the Borough, in 1793. In what kind of school he was trained may be illustrated by a story of his childhood. While performing bareback feats he fell from his horse and broke his leg, and his father carried him from the ring. The next moment the startled spectators heard ear-piercing screams; the Flemish Hercules was "larning" his offspring, by means of a horsewhip, not to do it again. After working in all the most famous companies of the Continent, Andrew returned to London as manager of Astley's, where his grand equestrian and military spectacle of "The Battle of Waterloo," with plenty of blue moonlight, crimson Bengal flares, and powerful fireworks, aroused audiences to frenzy. Year after year he added

fresh glories to the circus drama. The plot generally turned on the dislike taken by one cavalry leader to another, which led to a pitched battle at the end of the first act, and the burning down of a castle at the end of the last. You can imagine the danger of such proceedings in a building raised by old Astley. One June evening in 1841 charred wads from the guns fell beneath the stage and smouldered during the night. In the early hours of the morning Ducrow awoke only just in time to leave his sleeping quarters with the lovely Columbine of the saddle, who was his wife, and their child. The whole flimsy structure went up in flames like a furnace while the horses were being released, and the last had to be left to perish. Ducrow never recovered from the horror of it. He died a few months later.

London and Paris were not to rank much longer as the fountain-heads of the circus. Yet their decline and fall as such would provide one of the most interesting chapters of its history. At Astley's, fantastic experiments, such as the "equestrianizing" of Shakespeare and grand opera, were

tried unsuccessfully until the celebrated Adah Isaacs Menken appeared "half-naked" (according to the ideas of her day) in the circus version of *Mazeppa*. At Franconi's the Imperialistic ardour excited by Napoleonic spectacles enabled Napoleon III to seat himself on his uncle's throne; and when his Second Empire was wrecked by the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War, the fastidious Society people of Paris in the 'eighties made a cult of the circus. Their heroine was Emilie Loisset.

She was leaving them to become a princess. But while rehearsing for her farewell performance she fell beneath a horse of notorious ill-temper and was killed by the impact of the fork of the side-saddle against her tightly-corseted waist. After her death the Paris *cirques* gradually dwindled into those happy little family parties that they are to-day.

Henceforth the history of the show is largely American. One crossed the Atlantic in 1840 and introduced tenting into England, although for thirty or forty years later the leading English companies still kept to buildings of stone or wood. That was only the first of many invasions, each more formidable than the last. They were bringing into existence the show run as a business organization rather than as the expression of a showman's personality. There were notable exceptions of course. One was Van Amburgh, the tamer of wild beasts, whose lions sat for Landseer and whose courage won the Duke of Wellington's praise. Another was Buffalo Bill, whose "Wild West," attracted a whole "bunch" of crowned heads to Earl's Court. Queen Victoria had a command performance to herself. Her children and grand-children watched it in the presence of the public, who were overjoyed at the girlish delight of Alexandra, Princess of Wales, in climbing on to the Deadwood coach while the King of Denmark, the King of the Belgians, the King of Greece, and the King of Saxony



"Gosh! 'E didn't 'arf soak yer Joe. Listen! the crowd ain't done laughin' yet"

sat inside as solemn and stiff as wooden dummies. Buffalo Bill was all that the public of any city in the Old World or the New could ask for in the 'eighties. But he was doomed to outlive his fame by the steady, persistent enterprize of the showmen who kept behind the scenes. James A. Bailey was the most remarkable of these. Though content to give all the glory to Barnum when they became equal owners of "P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth," a true perspective reveals Bailey as the showman and Barnum as one of the freaks—a far more valuable freak than all the others put together, but to be classed among them for all that. If Bailey had regarded Buffalo Bill as a better asset it would have been Barnum who would have outlived his day, and Colonel Cody who would have been accepted by an easily-gulled public as the master mind of showmanship. Bailey, who has the real claim to that label, was the father to the mechanized circus with three rings. He was born at Detroit in 1847 with the name of McGinnis, which suggests that the strong, noiseless doggedness of the man was inherited from Ulster forebears. He worked as a stable boy until he was adopted by the advance agent, named Bailey, of a show. No matter what work James A. Bailey might have undertaken, his talent for organization would have revealed itself—the talent which makes the world still regard the old-fashioned quackery and business cunning of Barnum as manifestations of genius.

After following in his adopted father's footsteps as advance agent, Bailey bought out one of the partners. He took the show through Mexico, and then to 'Frisco, whence he sailed for Australia. Meanwhile Barnum was taking all the credit in New York for a circus which had been organized by W. C. Coup, who had laboured at it until his health broke down. All went well with it until Bailey returned from his voyages in 1880, and added to the renown of his exploits with the news that one of his large elephants, Hebe, had become a mother. Barnum wired him an offer of 100,000 dollars cash for the pair. Bailey displayed the telegram as an advertisement. Barnum made an offer of partnership which was, fortunately for him, accepted. That was why he came to London as the figurehead of their huge circus, with its three rings and "hippodrome track" besides dozens of side-shows. Both the idea and the ability to carry it out sprang from that brain of Bailey's which combined coldly calculating shrewdness with adventurous daring. "I suppose you all come to see Barnum. Wa-al, I'm Barnum," said the Prince of Humbugs, as he drove round the arena of Olympia. It was Bailey who had impressed Londoners with the name, and it still loomed large over the pay-box of the tenting-show, after Barnum's death in 1891, where Bailey sat each day at both performances, handing out tickets for reserved seats and satisfying himself that no child over nine years of age was admitted for less than five cents. No one in the circus worked harder. He had his meals with his company, and snatched what little sleep he wanted on the train. He was always the last to leave the show-ground. To the end he was indefatigable, and it was while inspecting his menagerie that he received the insect-bite which caused his death by erysipelas in 1906.

The only serious rivals he had were the Ringling Brothers, the seven sons of a harness-maker of Wisconsin, whose "World's Greatest Shows" has absorbed the "Greatest Show on Earth." This vast combined show sets out from New York each spring on a tour of 15,000 miles. The "flying squadron" travels by its own train to prepare the ground and set up the menagerie, as well as the cook-house and dining-tent, before dawn. The circus itself is packed in three trains that together are a mile long. The first to arrive on the lot are the labourers, with the stakes, poles, and canvas of the "Big Top." The raising of the king pole is their most difficult task. When it is placed on the ground a mud block is fastened to its base and stakes are driven in to keep this in place. The tapering end is lifted by a dozen men until the cable of a derrick gains purchase, and pulls it towards the sky,

while it is being steadied by the pull on ropes at either side. Then the other centre poles are raised by its help. Sections of the canvas are laid on the ground and laced together, but the weight of this is too great to be raised before the 10-ft. poles at the circumference of the tent and the quarter poles that form an inner-ring are bearing part of it. By ten in the morning the menagerie is open to the public. When the evening performance begins the cages are being drawn to the railway as the first move towards the next day's show.

It is only in the last ten years that European show-men have adopted American ideas. In England these have not proved successful as far as the three-ringed circuses at the British Empire Exhibition and Earl's Court are concerned. The enterprise of German showmen, however, has won the admiration even of John Ringling. Sarrasani is the most noteworthy. Since he himself appears as a trainer of wild beasts, he is a showman of the old kind as well as a circus magnate of the new kind. Unlike some of his rivals on the Continent, who slavishly follow the American model, he gives his show in one ring instead of three, but nobody has ever managed to cram so much interest into so small a space. He has trained an almost incredible number of animals to arrange themselves in it as a spectacular finale after performing their tricks. He toured South America a few years ago and may yet challenge the supremacy of the Ringlings in the States. He has been the first to use a fleet of aeroplanes for transport. He may be the one to fulfil my vision of a circus parade, with flying elephants, in the air.

It may be as well to add some account of the circuses that perform in Great Britain nowadays. Londoners, who know little of England, are often surprised at hearing how many showmen still carry on the traditions of Astley. In the north they are particularly busy. Throughout the summer, from Whit Monday to the third week of October, there is a circus of great spirit at the Tower, Blackpool. In the Bellevue Gardens, Manchester, another opens for a season of eight weeks from July to September, and is now re-opening for Christmas with at least one smaller show in rivalry. Great Yarmouth possesses one of the very few genuine old circus buildings in the land, and this, the Hippodrome, echoes during the holiday months to the sound of laughter and shrill cries of delight as "liberty horses" prance round the ring and clowns get slapped. At Glasgow, E. H. Bostock runs a circus in the Kelvin Hall for Christmas. In London, of course, there are usually at least three each winter. Olympia may be the best known, but there is always plenty of good fun at the Crystal Palace, whilst the Agricultural Hall excels in the charm of old traditions. I doubt whether many more attempts will be made to take a tenting show on tour. When Carmo set out with his a year ago the "old-timers" shook their heads. In wishing him luck they murmured, "He'll be all right as long as there's no snow." But snow did fall, and lay so heavily on the roof of the big top that the tops, unable to bear its weight, snapped.

Last summer there were many companies on the road. The most noteworthy was Sanger's, whose bills bore the notice that the day of the old circus had ended and the day of the modern circus begun, which suggests that "Lord" George's nephews know how to move with the times. Swallow's show, whose history is equally honourable, has been known for some years past as Broncho Bill's; at the moment its owner is thinking wistfully of a retirement which I trust he may postpone. Their modern rivals include Carmo and the Mills of Olympia. Smaller ventures are directed by a Yorkshire farmer and a dealer in animals and birds in Tottenham Court Road. There is witchery in "tenting." Those who travel with the caravans see the desolate pitch transformed into a place of laughter, gaiety, and lights in the morning; at night, amid the swish of canvas and clattering of planks, the structure is swiftly packed away until, last of all, the soaring king pole comes slanting down beneath the stars. That, I always think, is the most inspiring thrill of any performance.

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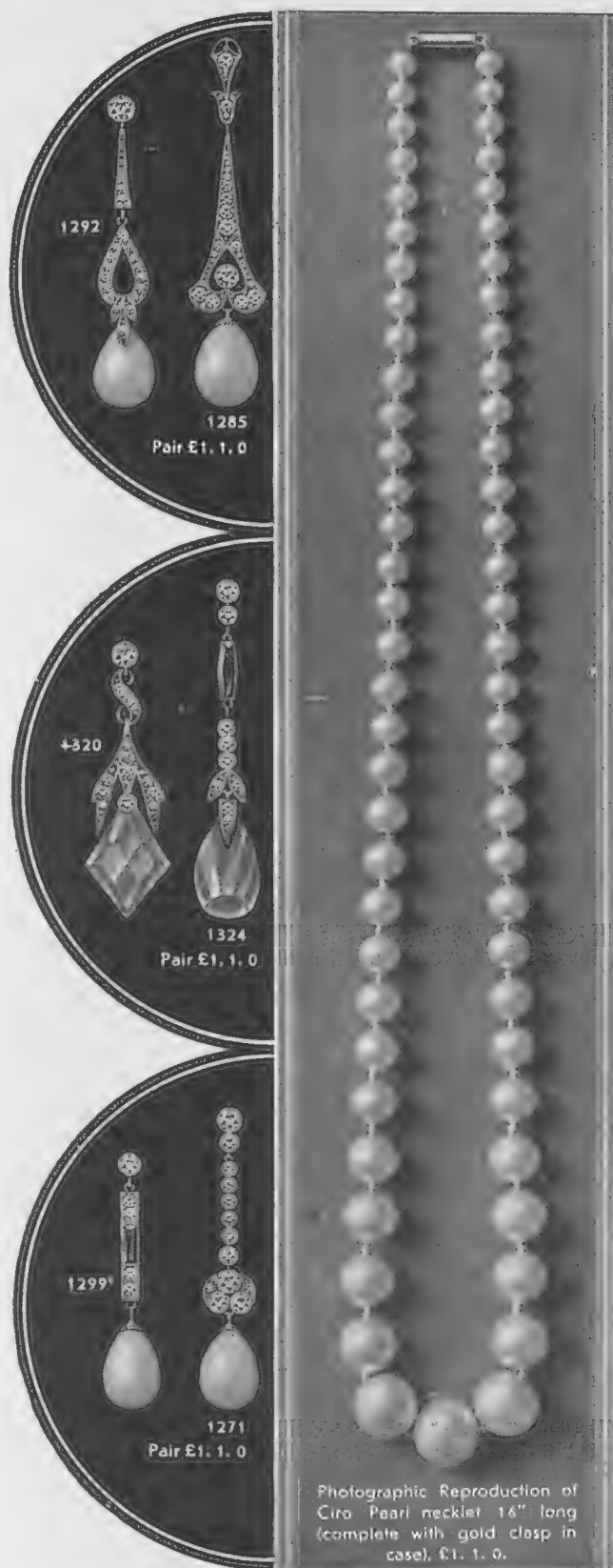
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"There goes that 'Children's Hour'! Do you mind, mother, switching off?"

A firm received the following letter from a Chinaman applying for a job:

"Dear Sirs,—I am Wang. It is my personal benefit that I am writing for a position in your honourable firm. I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business, and consequently bring good effects to your good selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Pekin University, in which place I graduated Number One, and my English is great. My references are of the good, and should you like to see them they will be read to you with great pleasure. My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, Honourable Sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you I will arrive on same date that you should guess.—Yours faithfully, P. S. WANG."

The juryman wished to be released for the day, and when asked for his excuse he said, "I owe a man five pounds, and as he is leaving town to-day I want to catch him before he goes."

The judge gave him a very cold look. "You are excused," he said. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

A certain bishop was in the habit of spending his holidays in a north country village, and always stayed at an old-fashioned inn called The Cock. Out of compliment to his lordship the landlord abandoned the old name and substituted that of The Bishop. When next the great church dignitary arrived at the place he was startled to find that the old sign had been scrapped and a new one put up showing a figure in full Episcopal panoply surmounted by the words, "The Bishop of ——" and underneath, "This is the old Cock."

A Few More Stories

A rich American was staying at one of London's biggest hotels, and was rather irritated at the indifference of the hotel staff to his great wealth. He determined to give them something to talk about. At breakfast one morning he said to the waiter, "Just bring me twenty dollars' worth of bacon and eggs."

The waiter shook his head.

"Sorry, sir," he replied, "but we don't serve half portions in this hotel."

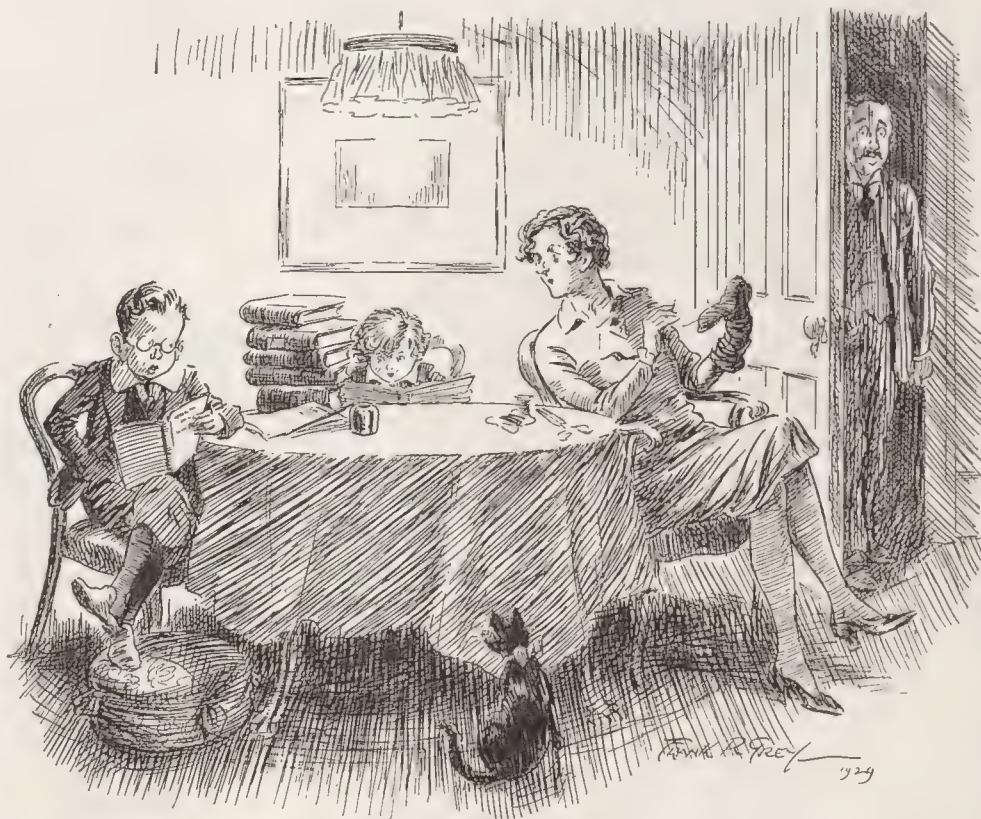
The manager of the stores was interviewing prospective care-takers. "The type of man I want," he said to one of the applicants, "is a man of high

moral character—one who can win the confidence of those above him ; industrious and anxious to please."

"Well, sir," said the applicant, "I think I'll be just your man. I got three months off me sentence through being like that."

A man dashed into an animal dealer's shop in a tearing rage. "Look here," he yelled, "you sold me a dog the other day and said he was fine for rats, and the beast won't even look at them!"

The shopkeeper looked at him pityingly. "Well, ain't that fine for the rats?" he asked quietly.



Repulsive Rupert: It will be interesting to see, Mater, if the Pater's child complex will be sufficiently strong to overcome his sense of the ridiculous, and thus enable him to enact again this year the 'Santa Claus' legend for the benefit of baby and me"

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By Albert Bailey

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Reginald's Elephant

(Continued from page 34)

"It eats out of my hand," said Reginald proudly.

"By the way, how careless of me. I've completely forgotten to order any food for Hunks."

"Is Hunks your man?" the lady asked.

"No, it's the elephant. Excuse me for a moment. Waiter, I want you to send a boy with a truss of hay and give it to an elephant of mine whom you will find on the nearest cab-stand."

"Very good, sir."

"Wait one moment; how much do trusses of hay cost?"

"I will inquire, sir."

"Put it down on my bill."

"Certainly, sir."

"The attendance here is really very good," said Reginald.

They chatted for half-an-hour, several people coming up to speak to them, or rather to Reginald, on account of the elephant.

"What's this I hear about you and an elephant?" asked old Lord Godalming.

"I don't know what you have heard, Uncle Arthur," said Reginald, "but I do own such an animal."

"Preposterous."

"But you are fond of animals."

"Bah! Mere advertisement. I don't know what the world is coming to."

"It's coming to see my elephant in a minute," said Reginald.

At that moment the head waiter addressed Reginald: "Your elephant is at the door, sir."

Everyone in the crowded room rose as one man, for there, looking vast and grey through the big glass windows, stood Hunks.

"Good-bye people," cried Reginald nonchalantly. "Glad you like my bus." And so, adjusting his eyeglass, he left the restaurant.

"Home," he called to the mahout, and then, to the delight of all beholders, the elephant took Reginald gently about the middle and placed him on its back. The lunchers by common consent burst into cheers. In a dim way it recalled Armistice Day.

Reginald had an aged aunt (he had many relations) who professed herself to be unmoved by anything, a slightly flinty individual with a genius for being disagreeable. The thought occurred to him

that he would arouse her from her ordinary outlook by calling on her at her depressing house in Bedford Square, so he altered his directions and was presently carried there. Arrived at the beautiful house, he asked the mahout, for whom he entertained a great respect, if the elephant would kindly press the electric bell. This having been done, a trim and very well-trained maid answered the door and said that Lady Goole was at home. She took no notice of the elephant.

"My dear aunt," said Reginald, as he entered the drawing-room. "It is a long time since I have seen you. I hope you are well."

"Perfectly well," she replied.

"I came on my elephant," said Reginald, hoping to disturb her composure.

"So I noticed," she answered. "I was writing in the window. They are, I believe, very gentle creatures with great intelligence. You may well take a lesson from your pet, Reginald."

"It is the only private one in London," he replied proudly.

"Fashion was made for fools," his aunt remarked. "Will you stay to tea?"

"Thank you, aunt," said the abashed Reginald, "but I fear I have another engagement."

"I wish you could lie more inventively," said she. "If you could you might marry money and settle down. You are a wealthy young man, and I should have thought—but no one takes my advice."

"I shall fall in love one day," said he, "and I shall not care what her station in life may be."

"A bad simile," his aunt replied. "One changes stations."

"Perhaps an actress," he answered daringly.

"The people who advertise face creams and patent medicines do not interest me," said his aunt. "Now there is a Miss Inksuch, the great provision dealer's daughter, who, though slightly cross-eyed, is a great heiress. I can get you an introduction to her through my grocer."

"Ugh!" said Reginald, shivering. "I have already been introduced to her at a party, and she shook hands with Jack Pillbery who was standing next to me. My dear aunt, she is so cross-eyed that her tears run down her back."

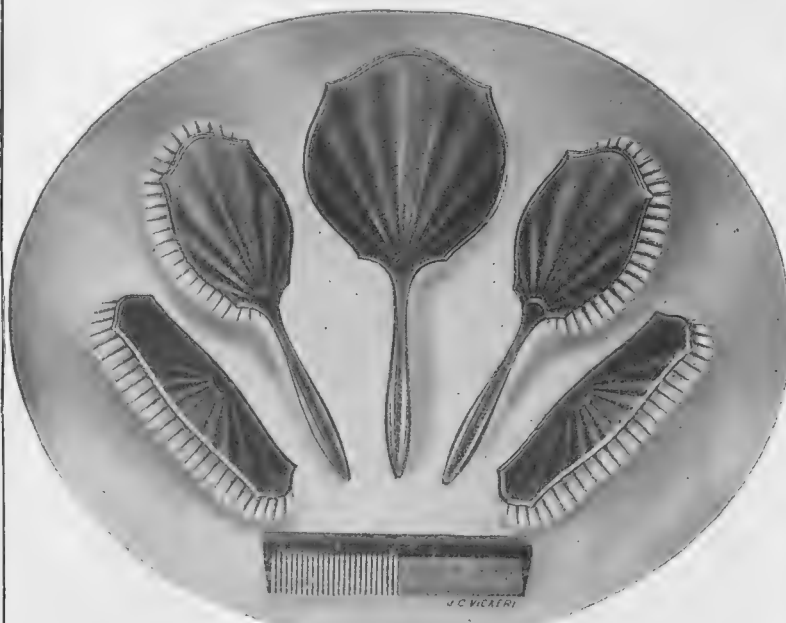
"Beauty is only skin deep," his aunt replied. "I know she sends second-grade or election eggs to the hospitals. If you feel

(Continued on p. vi)

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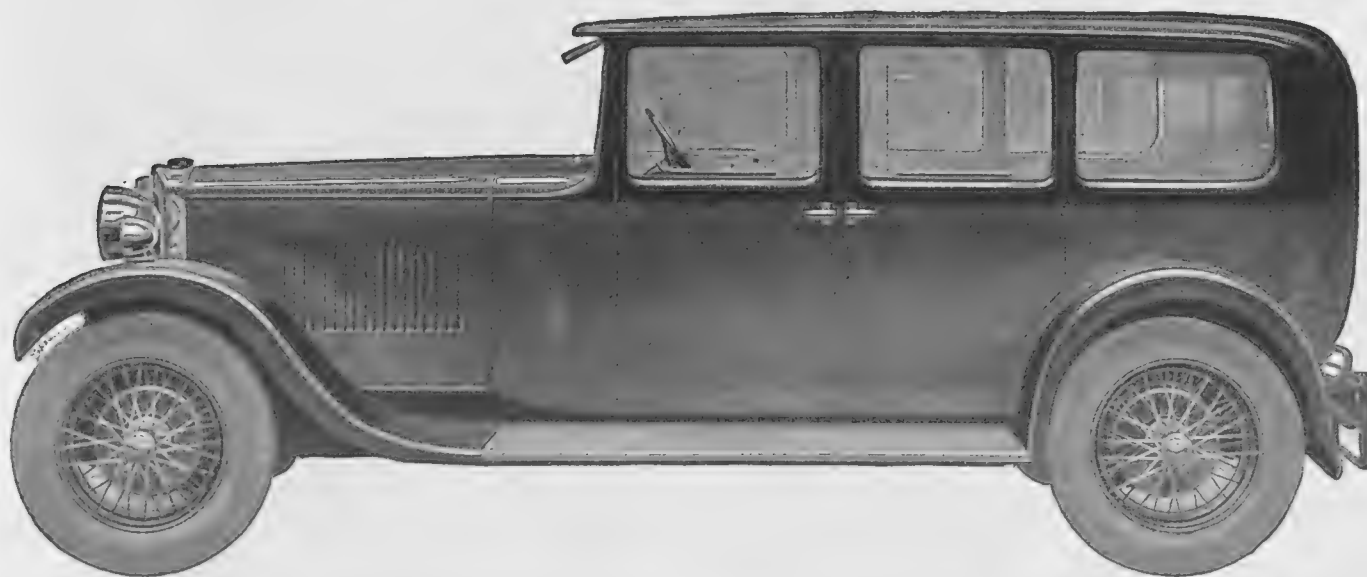
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you could not care for her there is Ida Flint. She has got what I believe you young men call 'pots.'"

"My dear aunt," he replied, raising his hands. "She is awful. She has a cavalry moustache. She goes on personally conducted tours, and she is covered with pimples."

"She was baptized in Hanover Square," said his aunt severely. "Johnson will give you a whisky and soda downstairs and will take a plate of biscuits to your pet."

In a few days' time if you hadn't met Reginald you were nobody. The Blamishes gave a party in the Albert Hall, the cards for which read "Supper, Dancing, Elephant Rides." It was an enormous success, but when Julius gave a supper party with ostriches at the Savoy, more than half the guests didn't bother to turn up.

Now Reginald was sensible enough to know that the vogue for him could not go on for ever, that people would get bored with his elephant, and when he was wondering who to give it to who would give it a comfortable home he received a note from Dora Normby, the beautiful girl who had recently inherited the Porker millions. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. Bausted, I hope you won't think this very impertinent, but I am longing for a day in the country. Would you take me on Hunks, starting, shall we say, at ten o'clock. Then we could stop somewhere for lunch. I think it would do us all good, as I thought Hunks looked rather pale yesterday.—Yours, very sincerely, DORA NORMBY."

Reginald crimsoned with delight. The gods were playing into his hands. For weeks he had been in love with this beautiful girl but he had felt it would be rather like proposing to the Bank of England, or trying to marry the Stock Exchange, she was so rich. He flew to his telephone, got her number, and asked to speak to her. "Yes, rather," he said, and very nearly said "Dora, darling." "I'll call for you and I'll bring lunch with me. It's such fun having a picnic. Until to-morrow, good-bye."

In less than twenty minutes he was in the Critz ordering lunch baskets. "Ask Monsieur Grenouilles to come to me," he told the waiter after ordering two cocktails. The great *chef* soon arrived. "Monsieur," said Reginald, "will you take a cocktail, please?"

"With pleasure," said the man who cooked for kings and had the salary of an ambassador.

"I want four lunches to-morrow for a picnic in the country. Two for myself and a lady, something very surprising really of your very best. Perhaps you will favour me by choosing the wine. Then I want one for my Indian chauffeur, and one for the elephant—something jungle. Do not consider the cost."

"I understand, Monsieur Bausted. It shall be done. I will surpass myself. *Au revoir.*"

The sun shone, the day was gorgeous, when Reginald and Dora made their slow progress into the country on the new road to Oxford. Reginald's heart beat so hard that he thought Dora must hear it. Only two awkward things happened. The elephant became annoyed at an orchard and pulled up several trees before he could be stopped, and the farmer claimed that every apple was worth at least five shillings, and that all the trees were prize trees. Reginald paid with a smile.

The second incident concerned a haystack to which the elephant took a fancy and stayed to eat it all. "The poor thing's hungry," said Dora.

"It's about a twenty-pound stack," said Reginald, laughing.

They lunched in a little wood, while the mahout and the elephant ate in a field.

They gazed into each other's eyes. They became shy and silent until it was time to return. Once on the elephant Reginald's courage returned. "Dora, darling, I love you," he said.

"How understanding you are, darling," she replied. "I did hope you'd propose on the elephant."

All London came to the wedding to which Reginald went on Hunks and the bride in a carriage drawn by eight white horses, and they left for Dover on Hunks who was garlanded with white flowers and orange blossoms. After crossing France on the elephant they shipped him and the mahout back to India with a handsome sum, and then went to Monte Carlo where Reginald broke the bank twice and Dora once.

After which they went to live in a small Queen Anne manor-house in the country, finding their greatest riches in their love for each other.



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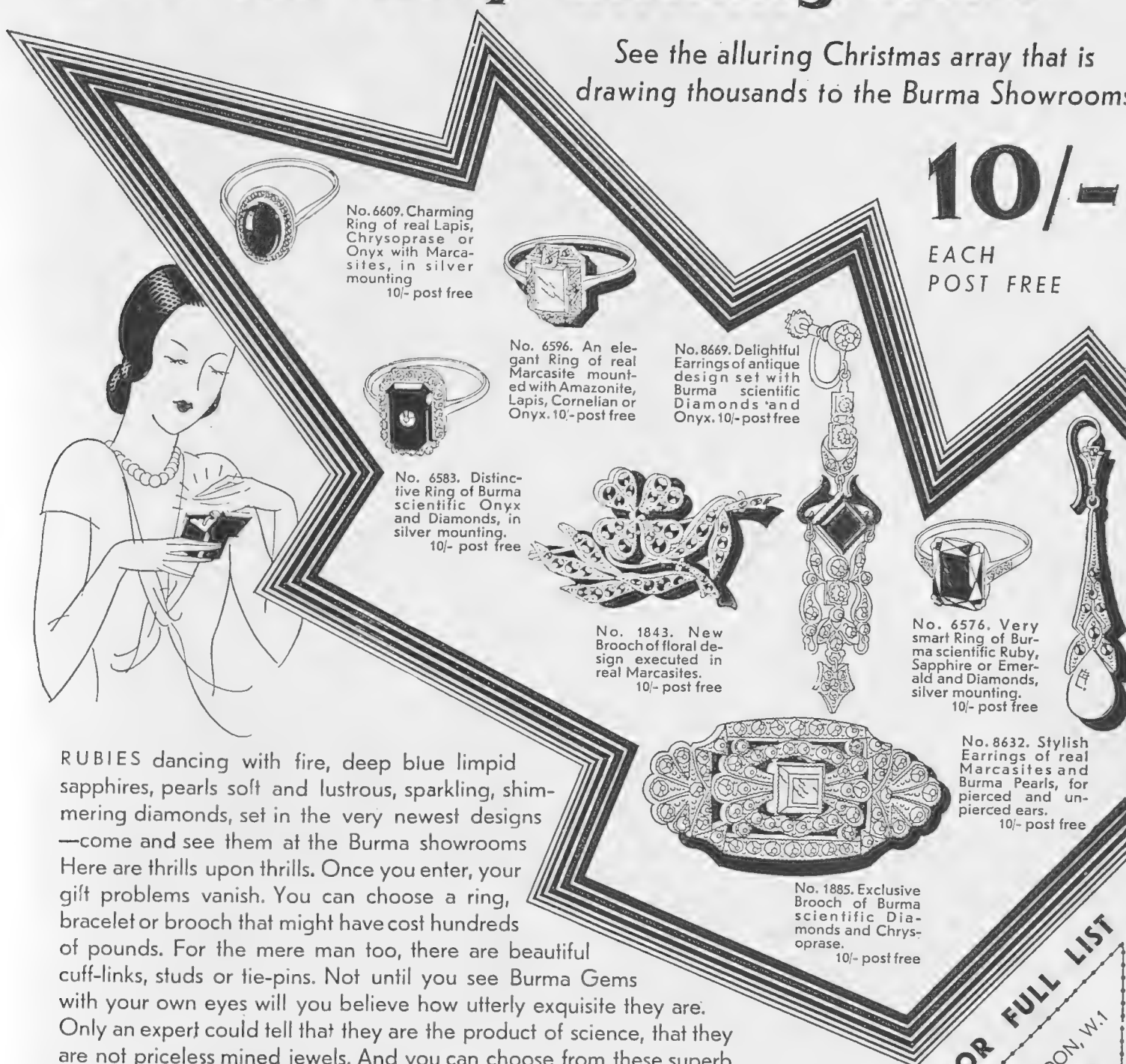
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S. Xmas

A Judge of Horses

(Continued from page 72)

were housed in positions remote from the main run of boxes.

"Hard luck on Lambury," said the tout. "With Tinkersprite in the stable—he'll win the Derby by ten minutes, mark my words!"

Frank was not interested in Tinkersprite. That night he and his confederate stole up to the box, forced the fastening, and led out a horse who seemed quite surprised to find himself under the stars. They led him across the plain, avoiding villages, to where a horse box was waiting, driven by Frank's own chauffeur. It was not till they had left Shrewton behind and were nearing Newbury that either man spoke.

"That's that," said Frank. "I'll take him down to my own stable in the country and keep him there for a month or two, and then we'll ship him somewhere."

Ferdie drew a long breath.

"I'm beginning to realize it was rather unfortunate that I went to Gatwick," he said. "I'm leaving by air mail for France this morning."

He did not even wait to see the horse unboxed, but streaked up the Bath Road in the darkness before the conveyance had entered the stable yard of Frank Mortimer's establishment at Maidenhead.

The Colonel was there, an agitated and incoherent man.

"I wish I'd never seen the beastly horse," he wailed. "If this gets out everybody's going to cut me."

"Don't worry," said Frank brutally. "The gaoler won't cut you when he brings you your morning skilly."

They put the horse in the stable, sent the box back to the contractor from whom it had been hired, and the Colonel and Frank drove to London together. Honore was waiting for them at the hotel, and they had a solemn thanksgiving in the little sitting-room where breakfast had been laid.

"At the same time," said the Colonel, "you must agree that I wasn't far wrong. The moment I saw that horse in the shafts of that milk-cart I said to myself, 'Here's a bit of blood!'"

"Thank goodness it's all over," said Honore. "I've had a terrible night."

The Colonel smiled.

"You know, my dear, it takes an old soldier to stand that sort of racket. Don't think I've done with horses—I haven't. I shall have a Derby-horse one of these days——"

A waiter came in at that moment with the prosaic bacon and eggs. He laid on the table the last edition of a morning paper.

"That's a bit remarkable, isn't it, sir?" He was an English waiter and therefore had no manner.

"What is remarkable?" asked the Colonel fiercely.

"About that horse being stolen."

The looked at each other guiltily.

"Is it in the paper?" faltered Honore.

"Naturally," said the waiter. "They can't pinch a Derby favourite without everybody knowing it."

Frank did not swoon. He took the paper with a hand that shook so slightly that it was hardly noticeable to anybody who was not looking at him. There was the headline: "Mysterious Affair on Salisbury Plain. Tinkersprite, Winter Favourite for the Derby, Stolen in the Night."

The waiter went out. Frank handed the paper with an extravagant politeness to his future father-in-law.

"I think you said you would have a Derby favourite one of these days?" he said. "Well, you've got it!"

Six months had passed since the Derby favourite had mysteriously vanished from Salisbury and had as mysteriously appeared on Chobham Common. The Derby was won and lost. Messrs. Bache and Tookes were living riotously on their ill-gotten gains in a select hotel near Vienna, when the Colonel came briskly into the breakfast-room at Whisbury, where a newly-married couple were talking, as lovers do, about the rotten weather, and throwing down his gloves and hunting-crop (he always carried a hunting-crop even when he was inspecting trousers) said:

"I saw a nice piece of horseflesh in a baker's cart to-day, by gad, he looks a snorter!"

Frank fingered a cut-glass ash-tray thoughtfully. Honore leaned forward and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Don't kill daddie to-day," she said; "it's Friday."

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959A

Vintage Port

(Continued from page 23)

Philip looked up in alarm, but his host's eyes were fixed on Markham to his left. He blushed to have thought that *his* opinion was in question, and hastily sent the decanter on its way.

How often must the confounded thing go round? And how did it originate—the ceremonial which surrounded and the reverence which attach to the simple elemental fact of Drink? . . . What was Iris thinking at this moment? And these others sitting round so solid and secure—did they feel this to be the true environment of manliness? And would they despise him for his restless spirit?

Richardson, beaming with pride, was deep in his favourite game of exacting guesses.

"Now then, Fenton! . . . Speak up, Markham!"

"'75, sir?" ventured Fenton, sipping; and Markham, the connoisseur, guffawed.

"Give it another seventeen years!" he suggested.

"Quite right, m'boy!" boomed Richardson. "'58. Put down on my father's wedding day. Thought it was time I got it up."

("Time you got us up!" thought Philip, exasperated.)

"But d'you notice anything, Markham? Do you Derek? I shrewdly suspect it's been moved——"

("Wish we could be moved," groaned Philip inwardly.)

Conway of the Indian Civil laughed softly.

"You surely can never have served in India, sir! Why? You

wouldn't have survived the sight of the bearer shaking the port up like a—cocktail!"

There was a round of laughter, and Philip, joining in, was surprised to find what a compass his voice could boast. He seemed to laugh through three octaves, and he had no idea where his voice was going to pitch; nor could he regulate the tone—the most trivial things would emerge *fortissimo*.

He wisely accepted the obvious inference and relapsed into silence, inwardly raging at the futile necessity which kept him there; at his own inability to drink like a gentleman (like Derek Richardson, for instance, so cool and steadfast, sitting opposite); at the pitiful weakness of his inward rebellion; at the subtle stamp of inferiority which seemed to mark him out from his companions. He was of their class, but he was different.

Conversation had reverted to the interrupted topic of war novels. Sides were being taken. The Colonel was full of contempt; Conway of praise. Markham was smiling gently into his wine-glass; Derek was staring straight before him at a knot in the mahogany. He looked extraordinarily handsome with his clear bronze cheeks and grave, sensitive lips.

"We need our heroes and our hero worship," Colonel Richardson was saying; "and I don't see why a lot of crawling ink-slingers should do us out of them. Who are they to shatter a nation's——?"

(Continued on p. xii)



"How on earth do you get money out of your husband?"

"I just tell him I'm going back to mother and he gives me the fare"

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"Illusions?" suggested his son.

"Illusions be damned! Why Derek, surely you don't hold a brief for this ink-and-water sentimentality? You, who went through it all! Bah! the modern attitude's invented by rotters who're scared they may still be asked what *they* did in the Great War, daddy! But they needn't be afraid. Mental jugglery and sloppy tolerance are the fashion nowadays. Heroes or shirkers—they're all fodder for the social mill and the intellectual cesspit." He paused, breathless, and glared about him.

"We dig pretty deep these days," said Derek slowly. "That entails dislodging a good bit of filth. It remains to be seen whether we get down to anything better than what your generation was content with on the surface. In the meantime, surface-values are—valueless."

"Exactly," said Conway; "one swallow doesn't make a summer." He thought over his last remark for a moment, then added, "a row of ribbon doesn't make a hero."

Philip, hunched in his chair, was trying desperately to achieve inattention. His thoughts were straining after the cyclamen slippers, but Derek's quiet voice always brought him back again. He remembered that voice in the War, so calm, yet commanding. The War, the War. God in heaven! why that subject out of the many thousands that might have made the time pass bearably?

He glanced across at Derek, and the petulance died out of his expression as he noted the clear grey eyes and clean-cut features which were so conspicuous in the face of the girl they both loved. Derek's sister; brought up in the Richardson tradition, that indefinable thread connecting the diversities of outlook in two generations. Derek's sister, and *he* had proposed to her.

Well, had her own standard been less high she might not have forgiven him so easily. He recalled how still she had sat, and the amazing compassion in her voice—"Thank you for telling me, Phil"—and the overwhelming relief when the touch of her lips had seemed to wipe the stain away. And then her half-smile as she murmured, "But let it be our secret, Phil dear, the others wouldn't, couldn't understand." And yet, those words had unconsciously confirmed his own persistent sense of inferiority.

Again his uncertain gaze traversed the sombre table with its mirrored flowers and glasses—frail crystal craft, holding high

carnival on still, dark waters—and rested jealously on Derek. His square, black shoulders stood out in startling contrast to his dead white tie and shirt-front. Derek was always immaculate. Derek was vintage port. And he was—just small beer.

His thoughts did not run so easily thus and thus. They groped their way through the mistiness in his brain till Derek's compelling voice pierced his confusion.

"I'm not a judge of novels," he was saying very distinctly, "but you've classed me as one of those who've been through it, so perhaps you'll allow me the inferred authority. I tell you it's possible to go through even a long and ghastly episode like the War without any personal courage at all. I know of one man who did it, and cases are rarely unique. I don't mean that he shirked, this fellow; he was caught up in the machinery and he knew that rebellion was suicide. He obeyed orders; he went with his pals through hell, but he wasn't called upon to make a personal choice that tested his true courage."

Through the smarting haze of tobacco smoke Philip watched four big, luminous faces nodding or shaking gravely as Derek's remarks found favour or the reverse in the brains behind them. The Colonel's face seemed exceptionally vast, and it bobbed and swayed when one tried to focus it, like a captive air-balloon.

Philip pressed his hands to his eyes and again, like a knife through the smoke-wreathed atmosphere, Derek's voice came to his ears with deadly insistence:

"He was never free from the haunting dread of having one day to make some such decision. The War was a double hell to him, poor devil; for step by step with his mechanical sufferings went the awful waiting for an inevitable occasion which he knew, by the writing on the wall, would find him wanting. Time went on and his travesty of good luck held until . . . It was at S—, October 17, and a glorious morning. The end of the War was in sight, and this fellow was due for leave —"

Derek slowly raised his cigar to his lips and his glance travelled round the attentive circle of guests to rest, as though painfully, on Philip. Philip stared back at him, and Derek's eyes dropped.

"I'm telling you this," he said, "because something has happened which makes it desirable that at any rate one man present should hear it. Dad, you remarked that we have need of

(Continued on p. xiv)

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our heroes! of the brave chaps who won the War! Well, I'm not going to quarrel with that; but tell me what use you've got for this little hero"—he laughed harshly and ground out the stump of his cigar in a savage effort to control himself.

"As I said, he was due for leave, and never had life seemed half so good to him. And then—the humorous Boche began to shell us. God! how clearly one remembers every detail"—he broke off and again his eyes were fastened on Philip. "Do you remember that morning?" he asked in level tones.

A beseeching, incredulous stare was all his answer. He continued to speak with strange deliberation.

"We were all knocked out, for better or worse—this fellow included; it was only a scratch in his case, but he fell with the rest—and lay doggo! I want you to get that scene. Human wreckage all round; and out in the open, poor torn devils groaning in agony, dragging what was left of themselves towards cover—shell splinters flying. There was never a more direct appeal to any man. He could see there was no one to give any help but himself. He knew it was up to him, you understand?"—a bitter smile possessed the handsome features of Iris' brother. "His moment had come, and he knew it. And he—lay still! Oh—h!" he started up with a cry of pain and put his hands to his face; fragments of splintered glass tinkled softly on to the table, and a thin stream of blood and the fruit of '58 trickled between his fingers to his immaculate linen.

Philip was swaying wildly on his feet; one hand was clutching

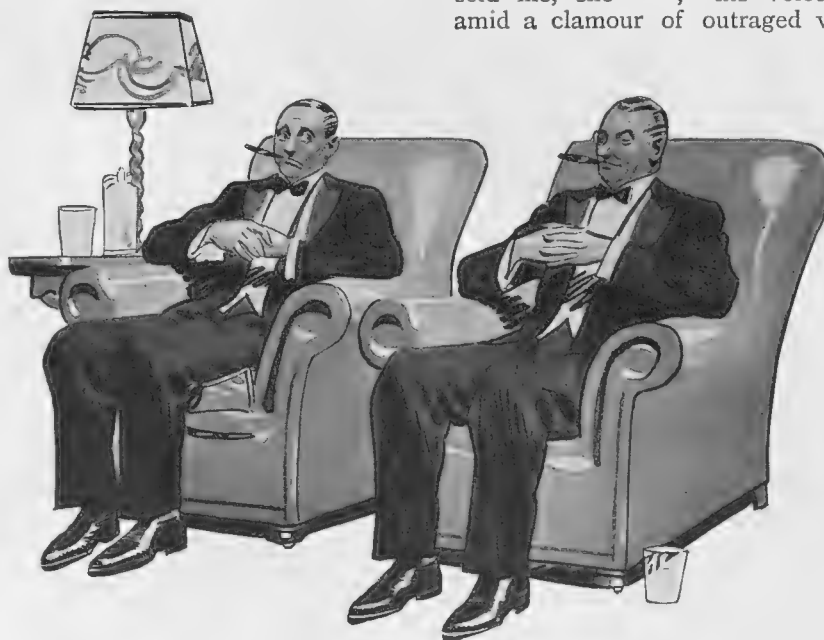
the edge of the table, the other was pointed accusingly at Derek. His eyes were burning in his mask-like face, and his words came with alternate gusts of fury and self-pity.

"I hope you're proud of this night's work, Derek Richardson! It's a f-fine thing to spoil the only chance a f-fellow's ever had of making good—you treacherous swine, you and your plaster-sainted family. She gave me her word, Iris did. I'd have trusted her word till d-death; but she sold me, she sold me. I knew I wasn't made of the stuff that you are, but I'd found the c-courage to tell her; and besides—I loved her. You blasted tinpot hero, you! You don't know what life can do to men like me! Oh, but I thought I'd finished with dishonour; and she sold me, she sold me, she —," his voice broke in a strangled sob, and amid a clamour of outraged voices he pitched blindly forward across the table.

His host stood speechless with anger and amazement. A chorus of "Disgraceful!" and "Scandalous!" and "Derek, your face!" broke from his guests. But Derek had gone to Philip's side without a word.

He lifted him to his feet as easily and gently as if he had been a child, and with a hand gripping each shoulder he steadied the rather frail, dishevelled figure.

"Listen, Phil," he said, with his blood-stained face quite close to the other's white one and, in the quiet voice that never failed to find its mark, "listen, old fellow—nobody's let you down. . . . Phil, I wanted you to see the kind of family you were marrying into. . . . God knows it was my own story I was telling you."



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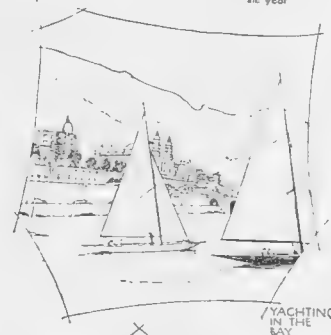
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THE MONTE CARLO BEACH AND HOTEL



A Mighty Squeeze

(Continued from page 48)

finding out the cause of any unusual movement in the jungle, so I looked intently at the branch. There was no further movement and I nearly dismissed it from my mind, thinking that it was only some small bird, but having my field-glasses beside me in the machan I thought it safer to make sure; so taking them from their case I searched the branches, and by the aid of their powerful lenses was able to make out the form of a large python lying along a thick branch that extended above the goat. Its head was turned down towards the goat and from its attitude it evidently intended to have it for its morning meal.

The snake's head was partly shielded from me by the branch, moreover several twigs intervened and would in all probability deflect my bullet if I tried to shoot it in the head, while a bullet through the body would not be likely to kill it instantaneously, and would almost certainly spoil the skin, so I was undecided what action to take when the question was settled for me by the unexpected appearance of the leopard.

Though I was watching the python through my glasses the movement caught the tail of my eye, and I looked down just in time to see the leopard leap over the goat. Once, twice, thrice it repeated the manoeuvre, playing with its victim like a cat with a mouse, then it killed, breaking the goat's neck with one swift draw of its paw, and settled down to drink the blood. I raised my rifle to avenge the goat, but before I could take aim the great snake, who had watched the proceeding with increasing impatience, dropped from its branch, evidently intending to envelop both slayer and victim in its folds.

Some sixth sense must have warned the leopard of its danger, for though the snake had made no noise and the leopard's back was towards it, yet as the snake dropped the leopard sprang from beneath it so that only the goat's body was enveloped in the snake's coils. For a few instants python and leopard faced one another, the leopard loath to leave the prey whose blood he had tasted, while the snake, being in possession, showed no inclination to relinquish its capture.

This impasse lasted for several seconds, then the leopard sprang, but even while it was in mid-air the python loosed a coil and made a sweep to engulf the leopard, which saved itself by kicking back at the python's back, like an Irish hunter clearing a bank, leaving ugly gashes in the python's back some 3 ft. behind its neck. The smart of these wounds roused the temper of the python, which now abandoned its torpid tactics and assuming the offensive, raised its head and some 6 ft. of its body from the ground and began feinting towards the leopard like a boxer measuring his distance.

This seemed to alarm the leopard, who began to back away, followed by the snake. For an instant the leopard turned its head and the python struck, straightening its body and driving its head at the leopard like a battering ram. Nothing could have resisted that terrible blow, and though the leopard made a last-instant attempt to divert it with its paws, the python's head caught it full in the chest and rolled it over and over, and before it could make an attempt to regain its feet it was enveloped in the python's coils.

The coils writhed and tightened crushing the leopard, but even in death it took vengeance for it had managed to seize the python's neck in its mouth as it was caught and now the final movement crushing the leopard pulled its head and tore out the python's throat.

The python relaxed its coils and made an effort to raise its head but its injuries overcame it, and in a short time it lay still beside the body of its enemy.

Though I was pretty well sure in my mind that both snake and leopard were dead I remained in my machan until my men appeared, then I scrambled down and went to look at the two gladiators, keeping my rifle ready in case either should show any signs of life.

Both were dead, and the taxidermists to whom I sent the skins patched up the python's skin as if it had never been damaged, while the leopard's skin was undamaged, but this weird experience yielded two magnificent trophies without the expenditure of even a single cartridge.

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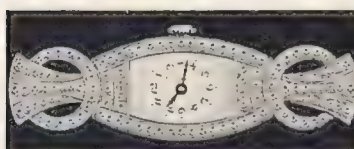
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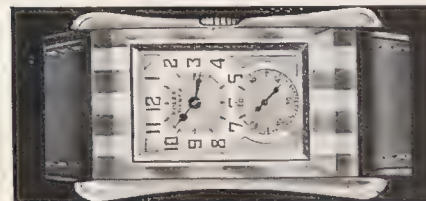
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I do not hesitate to tell you that I was once fat and looked ugly, and in my desperation I tried everything that I could learn about, that I thought might reduce my weight, but without success, until at last, when I was almost completely discouraged, I came upon a simple, safe, sane, and sure method that reduced my weight 36 pounds in five weeks. This reduction brought my weight to normal, and although more than 3 years have passed since that time I have never regained the lost weight, and I feel well and happy.

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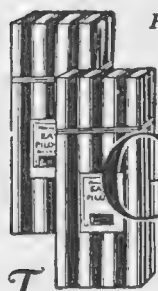
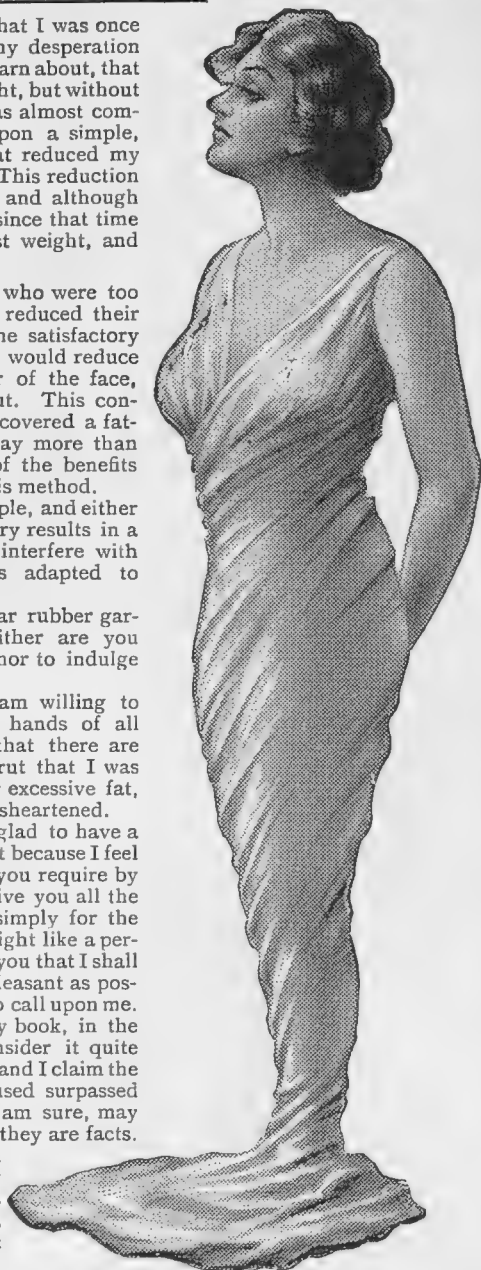
You are not required to wear rubber garments, nor any apparatus, neither are you asked to take poisonous drugs, nor to indulge in strenuous exercise.

This is the reason that I am willing to place this free book into the hands of all who are over-stout. I know that there are thousands to-day in the same rut that I was in, health being undermined by excessive fat, and they are discouraged and disheartened.

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I have told my story in my book, in the simplest possible words. I consider it quite interesting as well as instructive, and I claim the method of fat reduction that I used surpassed by none. These statements, I am sure, may not seem extremely modest, but they are facts.

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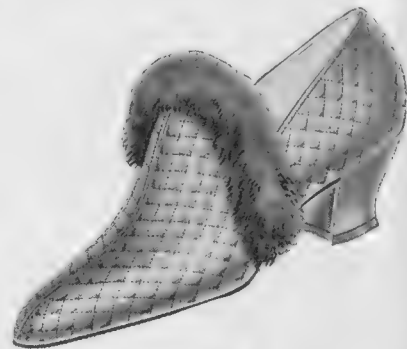


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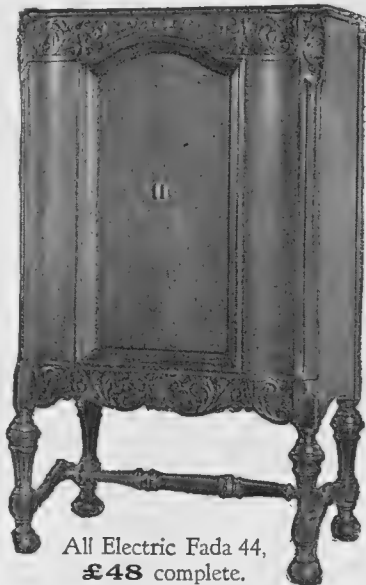
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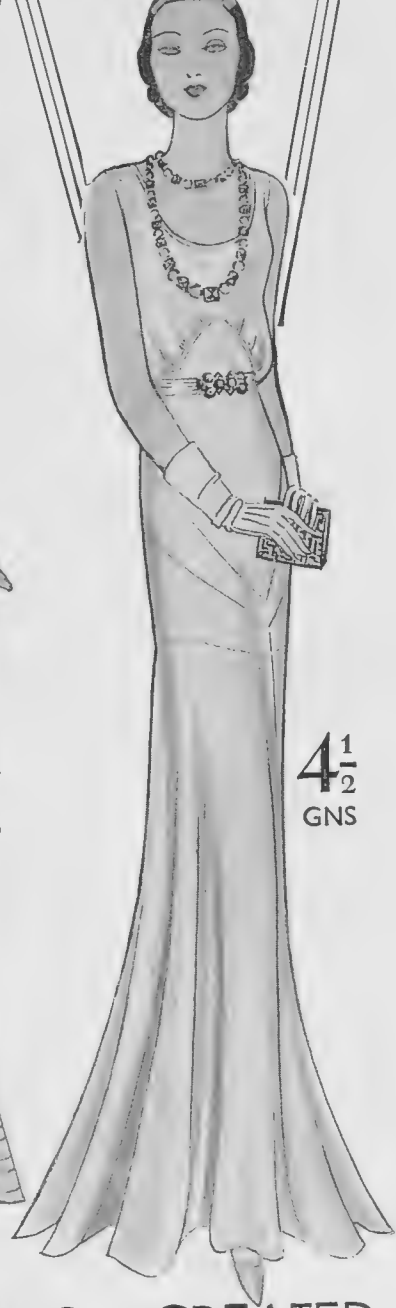
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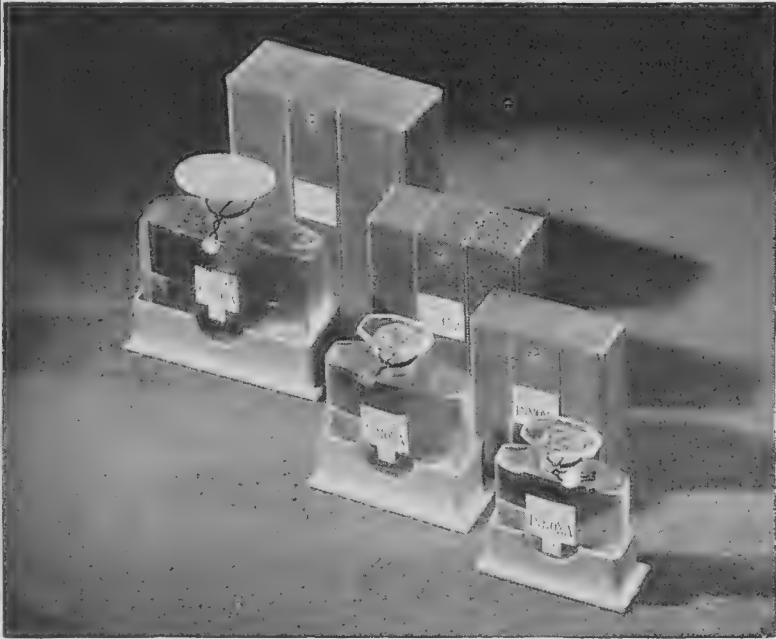
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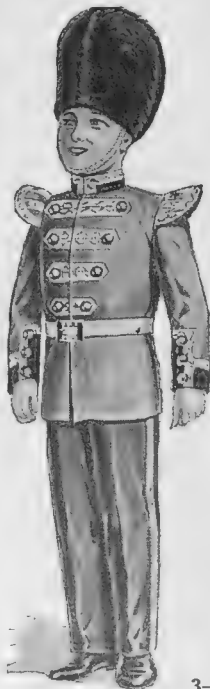
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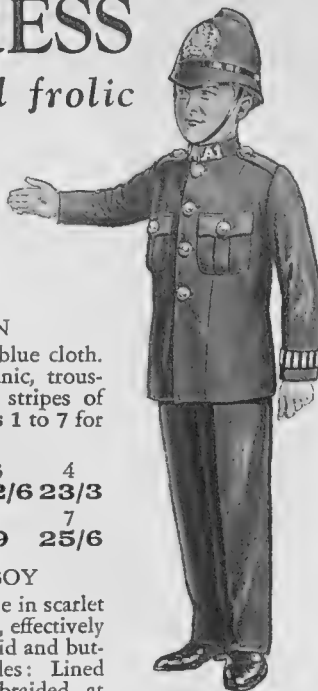
" 4, " 9 " 38/6

It is regretted that these costumes cannot be sent on approval.

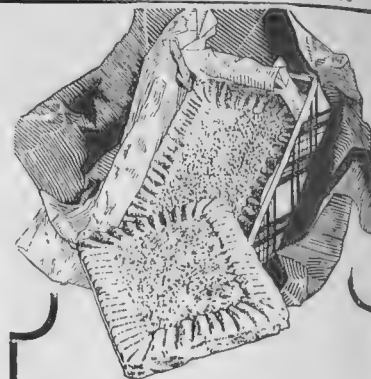
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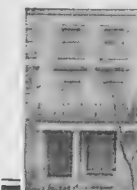
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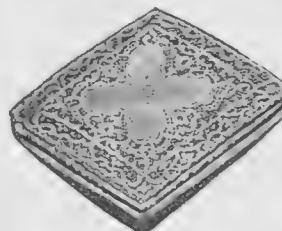
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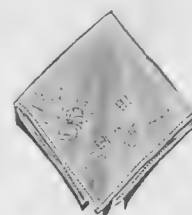
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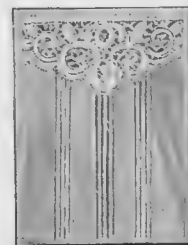
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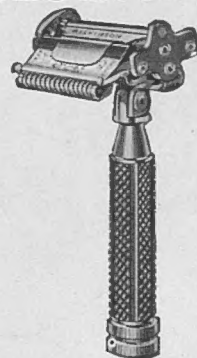
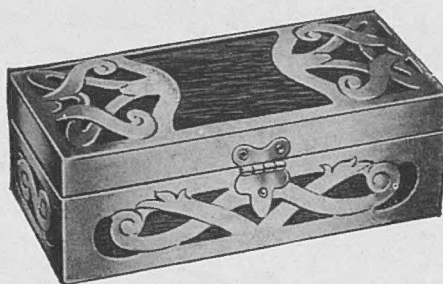
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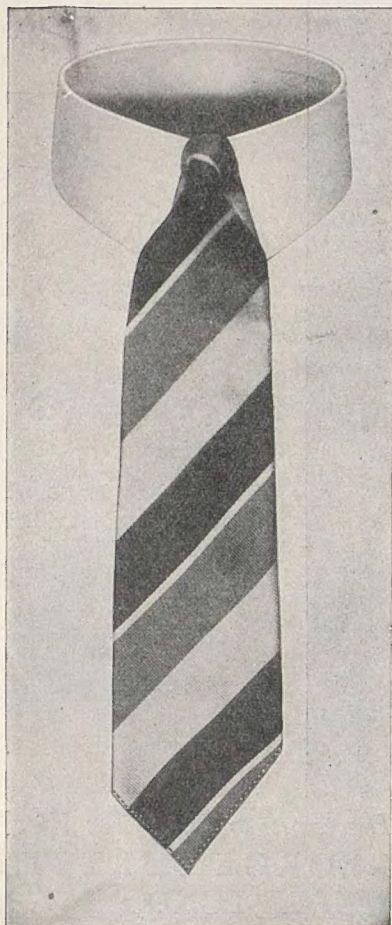
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